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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[A FIERCE ALLEGORISATION.]

SHE SHINES ME DOWN.

(BY ANNIE THOMAS.)

CHAPTER XXIX.

There's a power whose sway
Angel forms adore
And the lost obey,
Weeping evermore.

THE banquet is over; the ball has begun, and Lady Ellerdale, resplendant in beauty and self-conceit, with the knowledge that she is being universally admired in the family diamonds, feels as if there were a halo of glory round her head, as she is led to her seat at the end of the first quadrille by the royal duke. Everybody who is anybody in the county is here to-night.

Some of them have come in a patronising mood, magnanimously resolving that if she bears the honours meekly, even they will openly acknowledge that she is worthy to bear them at all.

To their surprise, a little to their chagrin, she rises a countess superior to them all. It is useless the attempt they make to stoop to her! She has been used to playing the part of queen to crowded and critical London houses!

She plays her part now in such a finished style that though they feel it is a part, and that she is not to the "manner born," they cannot rival either her conception or execution of it.

And through it all, during all these hours of triumph, the remembrance of one face, seen but for a moment in the morning, dims the radiance and tarnishes the golden glory of all her surroundings.

It is her husband's face which she remembers thus vividly! It is the dread of what he may recklessly resolve upon saying which infuses the one bitter drop into the cup of hope, and joy, and pleasure, and realisation of the fullest ambition, which she is quaffing now.

The most commonplace words of civility take upon themselves the airs of flattery and favouritism when uttered by royal lips.

Lady Ellerdale's ears are still tingling with the gratification caused by the last sentence spoken by H.E.H. the Duke of—before he left her to secure his next partner, when she sees Lord Ellerdale steering his way towards her with an unwonted look of displeasure on his face.

"Have you had an excuse from Mrs. Saltoun, Geraldine?" he begins, sharply.

"No," she says, shaking her head, and hoping that the excitement of the evening will lead him to forego any further questions.

"How is it? I don't understand it at all," he goes on, disregarding the anxiety she betrays to get away from him, and play the part of ubiquitous and universally attentive hostess to her distinguished guests.

"I don't understand it at all, and you may as well explain it to me now as later on. How do you account for the Saltouns' absence from the banquet, and for their non-appearance here to-night? You must be able to give a guess at the cause."

She tosses her head impatiently.

"Really, Ellerdale," she says, with an assumption of indignation, "it is too bad of you to try and distress and upset me to-night of all times, about Mrs. Saltoun. Perhaps I can give a guess as to the cause of their absence, but I don't think it would be well for me to give it just now."

"But I insist upon your giving it to me now," he says, in the sternest accents he has ever used to her yet, taking care all the while to keep such a guard over the expression of his face as shall lead his guests to suppose that he is holding the pleasantest converse with the beautiful woman who has bewitched him into forgetting the conventional respect that was due to the memory of his late wife.

"Well, if you will have it," she replies, waxing rough in speech as she waxes rough in thought—"well, if you will have it, they are not here because they were not invited."

His face wears a smile still—for his guests, but she reads the rage clearly in his eyes as he answers:

"It is the last time I shall ever allow you even to see the invitation list, much less to have a hand in making it out, since you have dared to tamper with it; this time, however, all I can do is to see that such an apology is made to the Saltouns as will satisfy them."

"Then it will be made by you, not by me, Lord Ellerdale," she says, savagely.

And he tells her to be quiet, and not to betray her want of knowledge of the order of society in which he has placed her.

The rebuke is bitterly hard to bear; the caution as to social distinction galls her horribly, for she feels that though she has gratified her revenge in cutting and wounding Mrs. Saltoun,

that she has damaged her position with Lord Ellerdale irretrievably.

It does not tend to restore her amiability, when later on in the evening the servant, who has been the late Lady Ellerdale's "own man," (and whose feelings, therefore, towards the successor of his mistress have never been of the kindest) comes to her, and tells her that "a person wants to speak to her ladyship immediately."

"I can see no one to-night," she says, with a stare, that is almost a glare at the audacity both of the "person" and the messenger.

The servant bows and departs, but in ten minutes he is back again, just as her ladyship is about to start off in a waltz through the mazes of which the royal duke is going to steer her.

This time the man looks frightened. It may cost him his place to arrest his mistress in her triumphal progress, but he has received orders which, somehow or other, he does not dare to dream of disobeying.

This time he amends his phrase.

"Beg pardon, my lady, but the gentleman insisted on this being given to you at once," and as he speaks, he tenders a sealed envelope to the Countess of Ellerdale.

She takes it off the salver, and crams it into her pocket, and tries to laugh and explain to her royal partner, as she again places her hand on his shoulder, that "it is an apology from some local potentate, who probably thinks his absence from the ball will be remarked."

"These people are all so self-important, and so selfish in their conceit, that they think explanations as to their very uninteresting proceedings are necessary, and delude themselves with the idea that I have time to read them," she says, and then fancying that she has covered the little contretemps cleverly, she careers round the room greatly to her own satisfaction, and for the moment forgets Gladys and every other cause of annoyance.

But when the dance is over, and she can do so without attracting attention, she steals away to the farthest end of the conservatory, and opens the envelope.

It contains a man's printed visiting card, with these words written on it:

"You must speak to me to-night; send a line back to me, saying when and where.

C. CADOGAN."

"I will not see him, the wretch!" is her first indignant resolve.

But she thinks better of this in a moment, and writes on the same card:

"The servant who gives you this will show you to the library."

She does not sign it, and agitation effectually disguises her writing, nor does she address it. She calls the same man who brought her the card, and tells him to give her answer to the gentleman. Then she adds, locking the servant steadily in the face:

"The gentleman is an actor who wants professional help; engaged as I am to-night, I can't refuse to give it to him; show him into the library, Richard, and ask him to wait there for me."

Much as she dreads the interview with this "actor who wants professional help," the minutes seem leaden-winged, until she can creep quietly from the ball-room and make her way to the library—the least frequented room in the house.

One reading-lamp makes a mere spot of light in the large sombre apartment, and for a moment she looks round, half hoping that he has not kept the tryst after all.

This hope is dispelled in a moment, as a cool, quiet voice says in entirely unembarrassed, undisturbed tones:

"Well, Geraldine, Countess of Ellerdale, let me congratulate you on having gained the top round of the ladder. I was delighted to hear of your daring and success, for I knew that it meant an easier life than I've led for some time for me."

He has risen from the easy depths of a read-

ing chair as he speaks, and now he approaches her, revealing himself as he comes more into the light as a handsome, well-dressed, reckless-looking man.

She does not repulse him, she only shivers as he bends his head and kisses her forehead. At the same time he lifts up her unresisting hand, and examines the bracelets on her arm. Then he glances at the collar and coronet of diamonds, and she reads his thoughts.

"For mercy's sake, Charlie, don't think of the diamonds! They're the Ellerdale family jewels."

He laughs.

"Don't think I want your jewels, fair lady; I want money—gold, not notes."

"I will send you all I have to-morrow; let me, for pity's sake—let me leave you now, and go away quietly; you don't want to ruin me, do you?"

"Certainly not; I want money, nothing more; go back to your royal and noble guests, and enjoy their society with this counterbalancing reflection, namely, that if you don't send me the money I want to-morrow it will be the last time you will be allowed to disport yourself in such aristocratic company."

"You shall have every fraction I can lay my hands on," she says, distractedly. "Oh! what a vile wretch you have made me. How much do you want?"

"A thousand will do for a few months."

"This can't be," she says, choking with wrath and fear; "and at the end of a few months you'll madden me again by a fresh appeal."

"A thousand I must have to-morrow," he repeats.

"You shall have it—now go."

"Not before I have asked you one question; don't be in such a hurry, Geraldine; you haven't seen me for several years; it's bad form to try and cut your—old acquaintance because you've risen in the world. Who have you told your flunkey that I am?"

"An actor, wanting professional assistance."

"That was clever, and prudent. I'm glad you've become prudent in your exaltation. Now, one more question: what has become of that woman you used to tell me about with the wonderful name?"

"Do you mean Mrs. Cardigan? Her name is Gladys; she's married again and lives close by here."

"Married, is she?"

The room is so dark that she does not see the supreme effort he makes to control himself, and he has his voice under command as he goes on to ask:

"Who is her husband? how long has she been married?"

"Oh, your idle questions madden me, when I'm in terror every instant of being missed, and searched for, and found with you," she almost sobs: "her name is Saltoun, and she's been married eight months; but you never saw her, what does it matter to you? Go, do go."

"That's where the money will find me to-morrow, Lady Ellerdale," he says, sneeringly, giving her an address; it's quite a respectable place, I assure you; you had better bring it yourself, the fewer hands it passes through the better; now I'll release you; keep your promise. Good-bye!"

He kisses her on the forehead again as he speaks, and this time she does not bear it patiently.

She pushes him from her violently, and asks him furiously how he "can dare to do that, when he knows how she hates him."

The next instant she is speeding back to the ball-room, half afraid to enter for fear of remark, and he is lounging leisurely through the hall, quite indifferent to the anything but hopeful glances of the assembled multitude of servants.

H.E.H. the Duke of—, and the rest of the most important guests staying at Dalesmeet, take their departure the next morning, and about three o'clock Lady Ellerdale fancies that she may be able to get away for a drive in her own victoria, accompanied by anyone but her servants.

She has had a warm controversy with her lord and master on the Saltoun subject in the course of the morning.

Sharp words have been bandied between them, and she has adopted the severe British matronly tone for the sake of screening herself.

"She's a married woman, and she flirted atrociously with you; you know best how far the flirtation went, but I will not have her in my house now that I am your wife."

"You shall not insult her with your baseless suspicions; you make me ashamed of you, Geraldine."

"If her happiness and honour are dearer to you than mine already, I must, indeed, be on my guard against the serpent," Lady Ellerdale sobs with assumed violence, for all the time she is in reality utterly indifferent to everything concerning Mrs. Saltoun, and is only racked with anxiety as to when she shall get away with the money she has promised to the man who is the incubus of her life.

But Lord Ellerdale is seriously and savagely disturbed on the subject of the Saltouns. He dictates a letter of explanation and almost abject apology to Mrs. Saltoun, and insists upon its being sent.

"If you don't send it I'll go over and carry the apology in person," he threatens, and to this she acquiesces eagerly, much to his surprise.

"Do, do go; it will be much more satisfactory," she says, "and go soon, Ellerdale, before other people have the opportunity of inflaming her mind against me."

"How you come round," he says, in astonishment.

"Yes, I begin to see that I acted foolishly under the influence of jealousy. I will never pay her the compliment of acting so again. I shall be glad when you're gone for fear I may retract, and refuse to have anything to do with her."

"You're ridiculously inconsistent," he says, discontentedly, for he really does not wish to go and face Gladys in what he feels sure will be Gladys's present frame of mind.

However, he has offered to bear the olive-branch, and his wife keeps him to the letter of his offer.

As soon as he has ridden away she orders the victoria, sends word to some of her lady guests that she has such a bad neuralgia headache that she thinks a quiet drive is the only thing to restore her for the evening, collects all the money she can find, writes a cheque for five hundred pounds, and tries to make up the sum her tyrant requires with some odd bracelets, rings and brooches.

This done she starts off for the quiet drive, and at the distance of five miles from Dalesmeet she pulls up at the entrance to a neat-looking cottage of gentility that stands back from the road-side in a beautifully kept high-hedged garden.

CHAPTER XXX.

Only a dog! Yes, 'only,'
But these are bitter tears;
Weary and heartsick and lonely,
I turn to the coming years.

LADY ELLERDALE undoubtedly must be in a highly nervous condition.

Her legs seem to be crumbling away under her as she walks from the little entrance gate to the door of the pretty, trim little house. A sudden breeze shivering through the rose-bushes that border the walk on either side causes a sympathetic shivering to possess her whole frame.

She is mortally afraid of what she is going to face.

She is terror-stricken at the thought of the consequences that may ensue if she declines to face it at all.

She is in dread of being seen by anyone who may know her, or by anyone who does not know her, and may inquire about her. Altogether

her state is a pitiable one, richly as she deserves all that she is suffering.

The door is opened to her by an elderly maid-servant, who, in answer to her inquiry, says, "Yes, Mr. Cadogan is in," and shows her without further preface into his presence.

He takes all that she has brought him without embarrassing her by any profuse display of gratitude, and as soon as he has satisfied himself that the jewels are worth considerably more than the sum required to make up the stipulated for thousand pounds he says to her:

"Now, Geraldine, I will prove my consideration for you by saying good-bye to you at once, and not permitting you to compromise yourself by remaining here a moment longer now that our business is settled. Drive home as fast as you can, and rest assured that I shall never trouble you again."

"I'll try to believe you, Charlie, but you have broken so many promises to me," she says, bitterly.

"Not more to you than I have to other women," he says, with the air of a man who defends himself against a most unreasonable and unkind accusation. "You, on the face of it, haven't kept your promises to me very well; but we won't recriminate. Come on! You ought to be getting home. I'll walk down to the carriage with you."

They walk down the little gravel path silently side by side, she longing to burst the bonds that discretion is binding her in, and reproach him with all the accumulated hatred that is in her heart against him.

He quietly puffing away at his cigar, and wishing, with a certain amount of lazy good nature, that she may reach home undetected.

He opens the gate, puts her into the victoria, and is about to stand back and raise his hat to her as a parting salute when the clatter of horses' hoofs in a sharp trot makes them both look up.

It is difficult to say which of them, Lady Ellerdale or her strange acquaintance, turns the paler of the two as Mr. and Mrs. Saltoun ride by followed by Vengeance.

"Who are they?" Cadogan asks, recovering himself quickly, and Lady Ellerdale is answering:

"The Saltouns. She was the 'Gladys' I used to tell you about."

Then her words die out in astonishment as she sees the big mastiff give a joyful bark of recognition, and commence leaping and fawning about the man to whom she is talking.

"The dog knows you, Charlie," she says, in her amazement inadvertently calling him by his Christian name before the servant.

"I think I had him as a puppy," Cadogan says, coolly, driving the dog off him. "I gave him to my man, and I heard he sold him to a lady."

Meanwhile Arch Saltoun and his wife ride on faster than before.

"I wonder who her friend is?" Arch says, unsuspectingly; "he doesn't belong to this neighbourhood; one of the men down from London, I expect. I heard that Dalesmeet was so full some of the guests were quartered out in the village, but this is rather far to come; awfully embarrassed she looked at seeing you, Gladys; she must feel that she has behaved atrociously to you."

Gladys has had time to regain the mastery over herself during his lengthened address. Still she is glad that the pace justifies her in making her answer brief.

"I felt report too."

"You looked it too, poor girl," he says, affectionately. "Hallo! where's Vengeance? We must pull up for him, the old rascal has lagged behind with Lady Ellerdale."

"Turn back and whistle him up, I won't have even my dog show polite attention to Lady Ellerdale in my presence," Gladys says, trying to laugh and speak lightly.

When Arch, in obedience to her request, rides back for the dog, she takes her hat off, and as she hurriedly wipes a brow which is clammy, from the effects of something besides heat, she mutters to herself:

"Is it his ghost, or his twin brother, or—Heaven defend me!—is it himself alive!"

In two or three minutes, Arch, followed by the dog, comes back to her.

"What do you think," Arch says, as he rejoins her, and they ride on slowly together. "Your faithful Vengeance has been false for once; he was jumping about that strange fellow. It would have been more excusable if he had stayed with his old friend, Lady Ellerdale."

Gladys is so bowed down by terror of something with which she does not dare to grapple that she makes no answer.

"Then the dog knows him? Vengeance never left me for anyone else in this world," she thinks, and a spasm of such regret and sorrow, for Arch, as has never before agonised her heart, almost stops it beating now? But she must not give way yet. The time to act has come; feeling must be deferred until action is useless.

Back at the cottage garden gate, the stranger, Mr. Cadogan, still stands looking up the road along which these two fair women have passed out of his sight. His record is not an unpleasant one apparently, for he laughs as he says to himself:

"By Jove! I didn't think that it was given to any daughter of Eve to show such discretion; these two women have been devoted friends and are now deadly foes; through it all they have each kept their secret from the other. Geraldine hasn't a suspicion that I've ever seen Mrs. Saltoun before to-day, and as for poor Gladys, whatever she may think after witnessing the conjunction of Venus and Mars here just now, she'll keep the peace for the sake of her position. I have managed as untamable a pair of she-demons as were ever harnessed magnificently."

Within the hour Mr. Cadogan is on his way by a fast train to town, and Mrs. Saltoun is telling Britton, as coherently as she can, what she has seen during her ride, and what the sight will drive her to do.

She has made her plan quickly with the calmness of desperation, and Britton being unable to suggest a better one, and realising fully the danger and disgrace which may overtake her mistress if any obstacles are put in the way of the carrying out of the scheme, is compelled to agree to further it to the best of her (Britton's) ability.

"We go up to town to-morrow," Mrs. Saltoun says, rapidly; "don't ask me why or wherefore, and when we are in town you must help me to think of what will be the best thing to do for Arch Saltoun. Poor fellow, poor fellow! his has been such a noble, open life, and I have come in and dispersed it. We mustn't mind what comes to her now, we must save his name and honour as far as we can."

She speaks quickly, but not excitedly. For the first time Britton realises that to her mistress the weal of "another" is paramount.

"How shall we get the master's leave for you to go?" is Britton's next timid remark, and Gladys answers with sad audacity:

"Trust me for getting that; my staying in town the other day with his sister has paved the way for my going again, and I must go, Britton, for the dead is alive again, and you must help me by leaving me alone."

"Business in London again, Gladys?"

The speaker is Arch Saltoun.

"Yes, business in town again so soon; a peace congress has been arranged; my own people and Captain Cardigan's people are to meet, and I am the bond of union; don't ask me to tell you how it will all be till I know myself. It is hard enough to go at all; let me go without a dedicatory word from you."

"Shall I go with you?"

"Oh! Arch, no," she says, shudderingly; "if they saw you—if they saw me happy and at peace with you, they would be harder on me than they will be if they see me alone, and don't realise what sort of man you are; after this I promise you there will be no more diplomatising. When I come back—if I come back—we will sail together over a smooth sea, and I will never

look out for sunken rocks or breakers ahead; precautions against nothing have been the bane of my life."

"If you come back, Gladys!"

"Well, dear, I may die; the best as well as the worst women do die, you know; we are all compelled to pay that common debt whatever we may be."

(To be Continued.)

TRUST.

MANY a boy has learned to distrust himself because others will not trust him. A worthy minister once met a boy in the street whose face he fancied, and, calling to him, asked if he had anything to do just then, to which he said no. "Are you a good boy?" The little fellow scratched his head and replied: "I am not a very good boy. I swear a little sometimes."

That candid answer inspired the minister with confidence, and he then said, after giving his name and address: "I want you to go to a certain place and get a bundle for me, and bring it to my hotel. There will be a charge of thirty shillings; here is the money to pay it, and two shillings which you will keep for doing the errand."

On relating this episode to friends staying at the hotel with him, they laughed at him for his credulity, telling him that he would never see the boy or the bundle or the money again, but in half an hour the young chap returned with the bundle and a receipted bill for thirty-two shillings, the minister having made a slight mistake as to the amount that was due.

"How did you manage to pay the extra two shillings?" he inquired. "I took the money you gave me for the job. I knew that you would make it all right."

And "all right" it was made, and I have no doubt that the confidence that was reposed in that boy, because of his truthfulness, will do him good as long as he lives. Little incidents have great power for good or evil.

THE MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.

A young stranger called on a clergyman one evening, while he was a pastor in New York city, to engage his services in the performance of a nuptial ceremony.

"I wish to make a bargain with you," said the young man to the clergyman. "I think the girl I am to marry will make a first-rate wife. If you will wait a year for your fee, and she turns out as I think she will, I'll then give you ten pounds."

They agreed, the young couple were married, and the incident passed from the parson's mind.

At the end of a year, at the same time in the evening, the young man called again. The parson did not recognise him at first.

"Do you not remember the bargain we made when you married me a year ago?"

"Oh, yes," replied the parson.

"Well," said the young man, "she is twice as good as I thought she was. There's £20 for you."

Exactly the opposite of this is the following:

A clergyman in one of the Hudson River towns united a German couple in marriage. When the knot was tied, the bridegroom said, "Dominie, I've got no monish, but I'll send you von leetle pig." It was done, and the circumstance was forgotten by the clergyman. Two years afterward he met the German in another town, for the first time since the marriage ceremony was performed.

"Dominie," said the German, "you remembers you married me, and I gave you von leetle pig?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you'll unmarry me, I will give you two leetle pigs."

SCIENCE.

NEW PROCESS FOR COPYING TRACINGS.

M. PELLET, of Paris, has recently devised a new process of reproducing drawings made on tracing cloth or transparent paper by the aid of photography, no camera being used. A process of this kind is already in use here which reverses colours, making dark lines appear white on a deep blue surface. M. Pellet's plan effects the opposite, as he obtains dark lines on a white ground, and the outline thus obtained may be shaded or coloured by hand afterwards. The process is based on the property possessed by perchloride of iron of being decomposed by light and reduced to the state of protochloride. This last salt is not modified in a solution of prussiate of potash, while the perchloride is immediately coloured blue.

The paper on which the copy is to be made is sensitised by immersion in a bath of 100 parts water, 10 parts perchloride of iron, and 5 parts oxalic acid. The last may be replaced by an equivalent quantity of several other vegetable acids. If the paper is not sufficiently sized, a little dextrin, isinglass, or other similar matter is added. The paper is then dried in the dark, and may be kept indefinitely, always retaining great sensitiveness.

To reproduce the tracing the latter is placed over a dried sheet of the prepared paper, and a pane of glass over all. In summer about 30 seconds, and in winter, from 40 to 70 seconds exposure to the sun is sufficient. In the shade from 4 to 6 minutes, or if the day be dark and overcast, from 15 to 40 minutes may be required. The electric light acts efficiently, and the exposure varies according to the distance and intensity. The sheet, after exposure, is immersed in a bath of prussiate of potash (15 to 18 per cent. in water), which immediately colours blue all the parts in which the perchloride remains unaltered. The sheet is then washed in plenty of water and dipped in a bath containing an 8 to 10 per cent. solution of hydrochloric acid in water, which removes the protoxide. Washing and drying finish the operation.

RAISING HEAVY WEIGHTS.—The improved method of raising heavy weights invented by Mr. T. Thomson, of Bluff Harbour, Otago, New Zealand, consists in canting the weight from side to side, supporting it alternately on one or two points near to and on either side of the centre, but not so far as to make it unsteady, and then building up or raising the support underneath it on the higher side, so that on power being applied to the weight to be raised, or to its lever, the built up or raised side would form a fulcrum for it to work upon. As soon as the weight is canted to its opposite side the same process must be repeated, so that each side will alternately become the higher of the two. Instead of being built up, the supports in some instances have pawls attached to them to fit into the teeth of vertical ratchets, so that the increased height obtained by the canting of the weight from side to side might be thereby retained.

PARCHMENTED cotton is being used in a small scale as a substitute for wool. In America the raw cotton, well cleaned, is left for twenty-four hours in a solution of one part concentrated sulphuric acid, one part sulphate of glycerine, and three parts water, at a temperature of sixty-three and a half degrees, Fahr. It is then wrung between glass rollers until the test paper no longer reddens. After drying the fibres are found to have acquired many of the qualities of sheep's wool, and for using this cotton for spinning, weaving or dyeing, it has only to be wrapped in felt. The difference in price, especially in fine numbers such as are used for emblems, is, it is alleged, much in favour of the new process.

HAIR HYGROMETER.—In a new hair hygrometer, by Dr. Koppe, of Zurich, the hair, pro-

tected by a sheet metal frame, is stretched by a small German silver spring, which can bear half a grain. In adjustment, a cloth covered frame, after being moistened with water, is pushed into the back wall of the apparatus. In less than a minute the pointer rises to 100; or it can be exactly brought to 100 by turning with a watch key the shaft to which the end of the hair is attached. If the moist frame be not withdrawn, the apparatus soon shows the moisture of the surrounding air.

CONTINUOUS BRAKES ON RAILWAYS.—There is, we are informed, a distinct intention on the part of the Board of Trade to introduce next session a compulsory measure for the adoption of continuous brakes on railways, if the companies do not in the meantime take the matter into their own hands and provide the necessary safeguards for the protection of the public.

NEARER HOME.

WHEN the year has lived its summer,
And the birds have touched their
strain,

And full ripe for the keen sickle
Bends the hoary-bearded grain,
All my feelings gather softly,

Like sweet comforters, and say,
Summer-time has gone, but autumn
Brings a calmer, fruitful day.

When I, wandering where the summer
Lingered fondly to the last,
See the fairest flowers withered

By the first chill autumn blast,
Naught of sadness fills my spirit
That my roses long have blown,
For each leaf that flutters earthward

Tells me I am nearer home;

And when sunset fades out coldly,

And the barren fields look grey,

The last golden fruits all gathered,

The last reaper gone away,

Weary I, and sadly loitering,

Evening shadows softly come,

Touching my sore feet with healing,

As they whisper, "Nearer home."

And my heart puts off all sadness,

Though the barren fields are grey,

Though the golden fruits are gathered,

And the birds have flown away;

For I'm going where the flowers

Bloom in a perpetual spring,

Where the birds no more are fickle,

But remain to ever sing;

Where no frost hath ever blighted

The bright verdure of the clime,

And the fairest fruits are ripened

Where the sun knows no decline;

And my rested spirit singeth

In a soft and hopeful tone,

Till the stars shine down to light me

On and upward to my home! A. D. F.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

PLAIN speaking, that is, speaking what you think, is so generally regarded as a virtue, that people often lay claim to it when they describe their own characters and enumerate their good qualities. "I always speak what I think. I tell you my mind freely." "Well that's just the sort of person I like." When you hear two cronies talking in this way, you may conclude at once, without much fear of making a mistake, that they are both telling fibs of no ordinary magnitude.

We do not always, or even frequently, speak what we think, nor do we like those who do. Our thoughts are not always fit to be spoken. They would very frequently give great and unnecessary offence, and therefore they are much better withheld altogether. Evasive answers and opinions are at times indispensable—not positive crimes, but such circumlocutions and beatings around the bush as will enable you to avoid the scrape into which you are in danger of falling.

Good manners require such evasions—morality, decency, peace, conscience itself requires them, and they are rude, boorish, disagreeable people who do not make use of them.

You cannot with propriety tell a young lady that her music is execrable, even if you think so: nor can you say that her ear is bad, or her voice is bad, or her taste is bad. You cannot tell her that she dances awkwardly, that her manners are affected, that her smiles are too artificial, or too evidently put on, and supernatural.

You must either hold your tongue if you think so, or you must make use of other epithets and other phraseology in order to mystify your meaning, and make it speak two different ways like a heathen oracle. You must tone down the asperity of your thoughts, and even give them a little gratuitous tint of admiration and approbation if you employ language to express them.

Good manners demand this sacrifice; for we do not meet each other in social intercourse to criticise one another, and express our own individual opinions of each other, but rather to sacrifice our opinions and feeling on the altar of politeness, and rather to take it for granted that our unfavourable opinions are at fault than to presume upon their accuracy. We are authorised by the law of politeness to believe our favourable opinions, and to express them at once with all the fervour which we can put into our language and looks. But we are bound in honour, to suspect, to doubt, and even to disbelieve our own unfavourable opinions, and either to express them diffidently in very qualified phrases, or to withhold them altogether.

This is not deception in an evil sense, neither is it falsehood—it is charity. It is distrust of ourselves when we think evil of our neighbour, and every good member of society feels this distrust, regards it as a virtue, and therefore refrains from plain speaking when plain speaking is not likely to be palatable to the hearer or to lead to any good moral result.

ARE THEY SINCERE?

I AM free to confess that I never was an admirer of amiable people—men and women who have no individuality, and are ready to smile at anything or nothing, just as it happens. On the contrary, if there is any class of my fellow-creatures whom I don't love it is your "amiable" person. In the first place, this creature has no opinions about anything; or having any, keeps them to itself, in order to keep up its "amiable" reputation. It laughs when it would rather cry. It cries when it would rather laugh; and for all the same reason. It waives off discussion lest it should in an unguarded moment utter something on Friday that it would not, for many reasons, be convenient to believe on Saturday. It shakes hands alike with the rogue and the honest man. It smiles alike on the scamp, and the self-respecting man. It knows no good—no bad; and chuckles to itself that it has made no enemies. The question is, whether after all these ignoble pains, this "amiable" hypocrite and coward has made any friends.

THE fear of God is the greatest treasure of the heart of man; it will be attended with wisdom, justice, peace, joy, refined pleasures, true liberty, sweet plenty and spotless glory.



[“THEIR EYES MET.”]

THE WHISPERS OF NORMAN CHASE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Thou sure and firm-set earth—
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for
fear. MACBETH.

“You are Augusta Fairleigh?” the woman asked, without ceremony.

“That is my name,” answered Augusta. “What do you want with me? Why not go up to the house door if you have any business here?”

“I have no business here; but I have come to tell you of one who has.”

“Who is it?”

“He will be with you the moment I leave you.”

“I will see no stranger. Not in this place, at any rate. What right has anyone to intrude in such a manner, and at such a time?”

“Lady,” said the woman, in a humble, and yet a solemn tone, “do not enter that house again. There are those inside that door who would carry you through it to your grave. Be advised in time. Do not fear the man who is even now here. He is serving a purpose of his own, but he serves you—saves your life, at the same time. Do not tremble—I will stay.”

At that instant, a man drew near, bowing to the young girl obsequiously.

“Miss Fairleigh,” he said, with infinite respect in his manner, “do you remember a villainous attempt which was made, not long ago, to carry you off, in a place in London, called Lyon’s Inn?”

“Yes; but who are you? What right have you here? Do you know anything of that outrage?”

“Yes, Miss Fairleigh, and have come to denounce the perpetrator of it.”

“You know the man, then? Who was he, pray?”

“It was I, Miss Fairleigh!”

The quietness with which he said this took her breath away. Only for a moment, however. She again turned indignantly, as if to enter the house.

“For the love of Heaven, do not attempt it!” they cried, simultaneously; then, as if alarmed by the sound of their own voices, continued, with a trepidation of tone, and broken utterance, which removed even from the terrified mind of the young girl all doubt of their sincerity.

“Come away, dear lady. Go anywhere; only leave this. Do not speak to one of your own people. There is death in the very air of Fairleigh Manor to-night!”

And this was the young girl for envy of whom Constance Hope, co-heiress of Mountcastle, had fainted away, and filled her soul with black and bitter thoughts!

She followed them a little way, for the lights in the windows began to flicker ominously, as though her absence had been noticed. The man placed a pistol in her hand.

“Do not hesitate,” he said, in a hoarse whisper; “shoot me instantly if I seem to be betraying you. See, they are coming! Follow, for your life! We are equally in peril!”

The contagion of their dread seized upon her, and they almost dragged her away.

They reached the gates, and were out on the road, beyond which ran a dark line of fir-trees.

“Look!” said the man, in a low tone, pointing to a large group of indistinct forms.

“Yes,” she whispered, “I see a carriage and pair.”

“Look again, there.”

She did look and a nameless horror overwhelmed her. She could not tell what she saw. Yet it was nothing very terrible.

“It is only a cart,” he said, “but—”

“What?” and the word fluttered on her lips.

“It was meant to be used as a hearse. Now, will you come, Miss Fairleigh?”

Long and far they drove through the gloom and silence of the night. How long, and how far, the unhappy girl could never have told. At length, in the cold light of dawn, she found herself in bed, with the strange woman seated by her side.

“Where am I?” was her first natural question.

“Where you are not safe yet, miss,” was the ambiguous answer. “But you were at first so excited, and then so exhausted, that we were afraid to take you farther. Thank Heaven, you have escaped a fever!”

“Where is the man? And who is he? I saw him once before, you know.”

“His name is Gilbert Green. I have a message from him.”

“He wants to be paid, of course. It has always been my habit, and I am glad of it, though it is a dangerous one they say, to carry plenty of money about with me in gold. Luckily, too, I have all my banker’s books,” she added, as if to herself.

Those were the days, it should be remembered, of ancient, historical, private, establishments; not of joint-stock companies, and Augusta’s excellent agent had placed in her hands several sets of blank drafts, with the acknowledgments of as many firms, for amounts representing the purchase money of the Fairleigh estates, or the Fairleigh leases.

“Yes, miss, he wants to be paid, but not in that way?”

Augusta’s face flushed. What could the woman mean? She had already learned how far an agent, or servant, could forget himself.

“In what other way then?” she asked, half rising, and with an intense haughtiness of manner.

“By your pardon, Miss Fairleigh.”

“Oh!” cried the young girl, “for trying to

carry me off. That was his master's crime, not his. I have forgiven him for it, long ago. Besides"—she was going to add, "He was unconsciously bringing me near to the one great happiness of my life"—but she checked herself, blushing.

"It will be for a far greater crime, though I must not tell you what."

"Against myself?"

"Yes."

"Then I pardon him. He has not murdered me, at all events," she added, with something like a laugh. But can he still be trusted? And where am I going?"

"It was murder that he rescued you from last night. Miss Fairleigh, if over these lips spoke truth, but for him you would now have been lying thirty feet deep in the mud of the Black Moat. That is why that cart was there. You have read your bible. 'The feet of them are at the door that would carry thee out,'" added the solemn woman.

The blood of Augusta Fairleigh seemed to shudder in her veins. That there was a plot against her she knew; but this was something which had never entered into her darkest dreams.

The worst she had dreaded was being kidnapped, carried off, and forced into a marriage for the sake of her inheritance.

"And you?" she suddenly asked.

"I am his wife. I would give my life to save him from crime."

"The law will protect us," presently said Augusta Fairleigh.

"The law would not have saved you last night," replied the woman, with somewhat of sternness in her tone. "The law could only have been told, and could even now only be told, of a suspicion. The very crimes which have already been committed are far beyond its reach, for the present. If," she continued, passionately, almost striking the young girl's hand with her own, "you have any gratitude or compassion in your nature, you will not speak of the law, Augusta Fairleigh."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
ROMEO & JULIET.

THIS may be the place in which to say that no single incident, in the narrative now being set forth, however extraordinary its outward aspect, is without its parallel or reflection in real and recent social history.

Such episodes, singly regarded, attract only a passing notice.

It is when woven together, in one fabric, as it were, that they present a texture which seems to resemble some product of the loom of Oriental fancy than a tissue wrought from the realities of modern and English life.

When Evelyn, after her long reverie, and her interview with Stanley Hope, ascended to her room that night, the moon still looked through her casement, and her smiles fell in silver on the stillness of the solitary chamber.

It was some minutes before the young girl noticed what was lying on her table. Kindling a lamp, she examined the packet. Instantly the writing was recognised.

"No harm, then, has happened to him," she said, with a musing tenderness of tone.

She opened the packet.

She looked at the portrait.

She read the letter.

"And now," she murmured, "I am, indeed, alone. He, the last in whom I hoped, is gone. Must I follow Augusta's example, and hide myself away in some unknown solitude? No, I will stay here."

Then, the same thought which had come to Augusta came to Evelyn: "The law will protect me."

But against what? Herself? She stood charged, in the sight of the world, with having hunted her father from his home by her undaughterlike suspicions.

Could the law protect her against the consequences of that? Against then, the machinations of Mathew Drake?

She knew not what they were. She would then make use of the key enclosed in the letter, and would not wait until the morning.

Nothing extraordinary rewarded her impatience. The title-deeds were there, and, so far as she could judge, in perfect order. Next, having returned to her room, she gazed long at the picture.

It was that of a man whose countenance bore little resemblance to her own, but who claimed her as his child.

So wondering, and lost between doubts and dreams, she melted into rest, and slept until the morning of a day destined to be remembered in her life for ever.

She had forgotten to ask herself, last night, the question—how had that message from her father been conveyed into the room entirely sacred to herself. She sent for Martha Page.

"Dear nurse," she said, "I have had a message from my father. He is obliged, suddenly, to go to India. Who was the messenger that brought it?"

Martha Page could not tell. One by one, the servants were questioned. They had neither seen nor heard anything of any messenger.

Now, this was one among Evelyn's most serious causes of disquietude.

Some secret presence was continually making its influence felt in that, as it seemed to her, unnatural house.

It galled her to the quick, too, to think that not even the sanctuary of her repose should be unvisited by this irreverent marauder.

The hours wore on, and nothing happened. What she expected to happen, Evelyn herself could by no means have explained.

The silence seemed leaden; the servants appeared to move about and speak as though a cloud was about to burst over Norman Chase.

Probably, not a soul in the mansion could have explained why this oppression weighed upon all—upon even Nature, for the pool lay still as a dream; not a leaf stirred; small red clouds hung low in the sky; a dryness and a heat deadened the beauty of garden and woodland, and Evelyn, after sitting wearily with her old nurse in the chamber once made sweet by her youth's most darling hopes—no word having for a long time passed between them—suddenly said:

"Nurse, I suppose it's right to be good."

"Surely, child, you do not want to be wicked?" exclaimed Martha Page, a little startled by the question.

"No, but I've been talked to about goodness and virtue, and all that, for the whole of my life—and she not yet eighteen!—and all the people we have to deal with are wicked."

"All, my darling?"

"Not you, nurse," said the penitent young cynic, kissing the good woman as if she had really been a child; "but I do say I am tired of this eternal talk about goodness, when there's so much wickedness about."

"But, my dear—"

"Still, I can't help it. Well, then, let us listen to these preachers. Let's be good, and have done with it. Now, order the carriage, and we'll drive to Baronbury and buy sweetmeats. If I stay here I shall go mad."

A little alarmed by the strange excitement of her foster-child, Martha Page obeyed, and soon they were whirling off towards the old county-town, through Chasefield village, and by Fairleigh Woods.

The unwonted sight of the Norman Chase carriage and liveries brought out little crowds as they passed; but there was evidently some other excitement in the social atmosphere. Groups were hurrying in the same direction with themselves; an air of importance sat on many countenances; and, as they drew near Baronbury, a burst of military music sounded high and clear from the town, and was echoed among the hills.

"This is better," said Evelyn, "than being stifled in that old sepulchre, nurse," she ex-

claimed, as they drew up near the market cross. "How splendid they look!"

They did—those soldiers in scarlet, with plumes and ensigns flying, caparisons gleaming, lance heads glittering, horses pawing and prancing, and the steady, martial faces of the soldiers, looking straightforward, unmoved by the acclamations around them.

The music clashed in unison with their march, and Baronbury town was intoxicated with excitement.

It was a famous Lancer regiment en route for Portsmouth, there to embark for India.

Evelyn looked at them with feelings, half-proud, half-mournful.

She saw those manly young faces, ardent and confident, and thought:

"Herbert, too, is there by this time."

Again a ringing blast of trumpets, and another squadron, a gallant pageant of gold and steel, wheeled into the square. At its head rode Herbert Leatholme.

Their eyes met.

His with a look in them of reproach and love.

Hers with a look of love, sorrow, and sweetness, unshadowed by reproach.

But he passed out of sight, as the music passed out of hearing, and Evelyn Hadley, when she sat again in her solitude, almost fancied that she must have slept, and had a bewildering dream.

That it was no dream, however, was proved next morning by the arrival of a messenger with a letter, which was given into her hands by Martha Page herself.

Officious Mr. Mathew Drake happened, for once, not to be in the way.

"Do you know the handwriting?" asked Martha, holding the little missive away from the eager hand that was stretched forth to take it. "Oh, but you surely don't want to read what that man of gold and feathers has to say?"

"Give it to me, nurse," pleaded Evelyn. "If I could speak to him, and undo what I have done, I would. Give it to me."

It contained few words:

"EVELYN, MY DARLING,—I read in your face yesterday, that no matter what secret separates us, you love me. Before I dare to tell you how dear that love is to me, or how faithfully I return it, I have a bitter expiation to make. My last word to you, before going whence fate may not permit me to return, is—do not believe yourself condemned to unhappiness. Your father is going in the same vessel. While I am fighting for my country, I may be working for you."
HERBERT."

"Why are you crying, foolish child?" said Martha. "And what are you smiling at, silly one? Has he been talking nonsense?"

"Very dear nonsense, nurse." Then she added, suddenly: "Why has papa gone to India?"

For the first time she saw an expression of embarrassment on the face of Martha Page, as that fond old creature rose and hurriedly left the room.

"Why, even Martha herself is becoming mysterious," thought Evelyn. "Is the house really haunted?"

But she was more gay at heart, and, like many another, spared some tender and pitying thoughts, from the new affluence of hope that had swelled in her bosom, for the friend she had lost, the heiress of Fairleigh.

"She was a dear child," she reflected, "but very distracting in her ways. But I wonder what I myself am like, to other people."

Since it was impossible that any immediate answer should be given to this very salutary question, she pondered what next to do.

Be it remembered that the one great purpose of her life never left her mind for more than a few moments of time together.

"I have the two Wills," she said, to herself. "I know where that horrid thing is. The title-deeds of Norman Chase are safe—but are they?"

Ought I not to place them with a lawyer or a banker?"

Then the scene with the solicitor at Baronbury rose to her recollection.

"No; not for the world! Next, I have that little gold key; but what do the lockets mean? Luckily, Master Mathew was not more careful with his theft than with his forgery. I will look at them again."

Thinking thus, she rose, unlocked her jewel case, and took from it the two glittering baubles. The one, as is known, had been slightly bruised out of shape.

This was the gift of Henry Mainwaring. The other, the gift of her father, lay gleaming on its bed of white satin, pure, unbruised, and without a speck to mar its beauty.

Chiefly to beguile her thoughts, the young girl laid the beautiful trinkets on a table in front of her, and examined them, as a child might a fantastic toy.

That which had been given her by Henry Mainwaring was by far the more brilliant, and also the more curious of the two; for, besides the Arabic inscriptions, it seemed to be made up of thin, golden leaves. Evelyn turned it over and over again in her hands, reflectively.

"Poor man," she murmured. "It was an unhappy thing that he ever came to the house. How dreadful a fate, and to meet it here too! Ah me! When will the story of that night be told?"

Clouds and darkness seemed to rise around her.

In the intensity of her emotion she closed her hand tightly upon the locket.

There was a click. Two of the golden leaves parted, and she saw:

A miniature—the portrait of a beautiful woman.

A fair, proud, sorrowful face, crowned with a tiara of golden hair, shadowed like her own.

Had there been a mirror opposite, Evelyn, indeed, might have imagined that the portrait resembled herself.

But no such thought entered her mind. Fascinated by the noble loveliness of that face, that so often had hung concealed upon her bosom, she wove for it in her own maiden manner, a history.

"I suppose he loved her," she thought. "Did she love him? Was there any connection between his strange melancholy and the woman whose lineaments he had thus cherished. Why had he parted with a memorial in all likelihood so precious? Why, above all, had he given it her?"

Gazing long upon the miniature, she nearly dreamed over it, but, inspired by a sudden idea, laid it open before her, thinking:

"There may be some secret in the other, too."

Then she took her father's gift, handling it, not carelessly, as she had done the other, but with anxious minuteness, turning it over, trying it at every point, and almost disappointed that no new secret revealed itself. There was one, however, to reward her patience.

Click—and the back of the locket flew open, like a little door of gold.

Another portrait.

But the same face—beyond all doubt, the same woman!

CHAPTER XXV.

Oh, Love! I am unblest;
With monstrous doubts oppress.

BARBARA.

It must not be supposed that the household of Fairleigh Manor were in any plot on the night of her fortunate escape, of evil against their young mistress.

They were as much out of the secret as herself. There were several strangers in the house, it is true; but they were, to all appearance, innocent personages enough—a land-agent, a land-surveyor, and a staff of men, armed with one legal authority—the authority, indeed, of that most respectable London firm which transacted all business transactions for Miss Fairleigh.

The consternation displayed by the servants, therefore, when she never returned all night, and every possible search had been made for her without success, was perfectly genuine.

Two or three of the more quick-witted, however, observed with surprise that, great as was their own dismay and grief, it was apparently surpassed by those who were strangers to the young mistress of the manor.

They were evidently agitated, kept whispering together, and held an incessant watch at the windows, and one of them was even overheard muttering, with an oath, and an opprobrious word—"Is she never coming?" which clearly showed that they had nothing to do with her disappearance.

Meanwhile, farther and farther from her home fled the poor, persecuted girl.

Another whole day's journeying, with frequent changes of conveyance, alternating with long walks through by-paths, between one carriage-road and another, did not seem to appease the terror which obviously overwhelmed the mind of the woman who had undertaken to put Augusta Fairleigh in a place of safety. Augusta asked few questions. It never occurred to her to doubt the truth of the story she had been told.

Both the man and the woman seemed under the influence of a fear even more distinctly defined than her own.

At length, on the evening of the third day, having discharged an old yellow-bodied post-chaise by the road-side, the woman turned to her tired charge, kissed her, and said:

"Not half a mile from this, and you can rest, without apprehension, Miss Medway."

"Medway!" exclaimed Augusta, in some alarm. "You know that is not my name."

"It must be, or any other you choose, for the present," answered Gilbert Green's wife. Let Augusta Fairleigh conceal herself where she may, she will, sooner or later, be found by those for whom it is a matter of life and death to find her. But it is growing dark. Let us be quick."

They walked on in silence, the fugitive girl wondering how long her exile was to last.

In due course, they reached a lofty wall, with a narrow green door in the centre of it. This the woman opened with a key.

In the front of them rose the many-mullioned front of an old Gothic grange.

Through some diamond-paned windows on the lower floor danced the light as of a blazing fire. A face appeared at one of them, as if watching.

A moment more, and a neatly-dressed and kindly-faced person, evidently a waiting-woman of some kind, stood in the porch. Behind her, peering curiously, was a rosy-faced girl.

Augusta was respectfully welcomed, and a few confidential words were exchanged between the wife of Gilbert Green and the housekeeper of the Grange.

Within, all was comfort, and they were soon seated by a noble fire, at a well-provided table.

After a silence of some duration, Augusta turned to her companion quickly, and said:

"I am under no compulsion to remain here?"

"None in the world, miss. You see that road, winding up a hill. It leads to Brampton-on-the-Ouse, a large post-town, through which a mail-coach runs. Whenever you wish to leave this, half an hour's walk will take you there. But, for Heaven's sake, Miss Medway"—she looked round warily, as she spoke—"trust me yet a little while. Shall I prove the character of those, or rather him with whom you have to deal?"

"But how?"

"You have the books with the banker's acknowledgments in them. I have no wish to pry into your business, miss, but will you see which house holds the largest amount in your name?"

Augusta wondered; but complied. Drawing forth a packet of about a dozen exceedingly thin and narrow books, not an inch thick altogether, she examined them.

Messrs. Saul, Vaughan, and Yates, of Fleet Street, London, credit me" (we have observed

before upon the business qualifications of the heiress of Fairleigh Manor) "with £100,000."

"And which holds the smallest?"

Augusta looked again.

Messrs. Fry and Fry, of Baronbury,

"Now, will you follow my instructions, my dear child, and believe that I am acting solely and unselfishly for your good? No, not unselfishly. I have my revenge to take. I have to punish the man who led my husband into crime."

Whatever her motive, it was, unquestionably, from the look accompanying these words, one of deadly meaning.

"What am I to do, and why am I to do it?" asked Augusta.

"Why? To send your enemies flying to a deeper hiding-place than this. I answer your second question first. As to what you must do, it is this: Draw on those London people for one thousand pounds."

Augusta did so, utterly at a loss to understand her own proceedings.

"Well?" she said.

"Write, at the same time, reminding them that they have your signature, and absolutely prohibiting them from giving any information about you to anyone whatsoever."

In this, too, she was obeyed.

"And now?" asked Augusta.

"Draw on the Baronbury people for £100, with the same instructions—that is done. Enclose, seal, and address them. I will see that they go off by to-morrow's mail."

Three days passed—not unpleasant days, all things considered. They did not restrict themselves within the limits of the Grange or its garden-walks, but rambled freely through the wood, Augusta thinking often, with a sweet and bitter tenderness, of him whom she had believed to be mercenary.

Did she believe it now? Impossible to tell. He absent, she cast the thought behind her; but had she seen him, that instant, coming down the glade, she might have asked herself:

Is it Augusta Fairleigh, or Augusta Fairleigh's inheritance, that he is fearful of losing? The poisoned words had rankled very deeply in her nature.

Then she dwelt regretfully upon her estrangement from Evelyn Hedley.

But she also wandered about, with no particular reflections uppermost in her mind, and enjoyed sweet talk with nature, as youth and innocence are apt to do.

The wife of Gilbert Green was not a cheerful companion. She brooded, and bit her lips, and could scarcely bridle her impatience till the arrival of the fourth day.

On that fourth day she went to the post-office at Brampton-on-the-Ouse, and brought back three letters—two for Augusta, one for herself. This last she did not immediately read.

Augusta opened one of hers at random.

"This is from Baronbury," she said, "but what am I to do with a hundred pounds?"

"What will you do with a thousand?" asked the wife of Gilbert Green, with a singular grimace on her whole countenance.

"What, indeed?" said Augusta, laughing. "But it's better to have more than you want than less. What's this?"

"MADAME,—

"FLEET STREET, LONDON.

"In reply to your esteemed favour, I am directed by Messrs. Saul, Vaughan and Yates, to inform you that there is no such name on their books as that of Augusta Fairleigh, of Fairleigh Manor. Messrs. Saul, Vaughan and Yates had the honour to transact business with Miss Fairleigh's uncle; but from the date of that gentleman's death, the Fairleigh Manor account has been closed." And so forth, signed by the head cashier.

Augusta Fairleigh, scarcely comprehending what she read, passed the letter over to the wife of Gilbert Green, who scarcely more than glanced at it.

"You remember your promise?" was all she said.

"As to what?" asked Augusta, puzzled by her manner.

"That you will pardon my husband—that you have pardoned him—his share in these transactions."

"What transactions?"

"Augusta Fairleigh, your agent paid in nothing to your account, except at the Baronbury bank. He reckoned upon your being satisfied with drawing upon that until it was exhausted, which, he thought, could not be for a long time. Not a penny did he pay in anywhere else."

"And these books?"

"Are worthless."

"And I?"

"You are not beggared, but nine-tenths of your fortune has fallen into his hands."

"Whose hands?"

"Anthony Maxwell—he has forged you out of your inheritance, and is now plotting how to escape with his gains. You understand now, my dear, why they wanted to put you to sleep so quietly in the mud of the Black Moat."

"I am sure," said Augusta, "that my fortune has brought me no happiness. Still that is no reason why it should be in the hands of a villain. What can I do?"

"Listen to a bit of my letter," replied the wife of Gilbert Green.

"I enclose you drafts for one thousand pounds—a part of my share in the plunder of Fairleigh Manor. The rest shall follow. I hope two things: that she will forgive me, and that she believes I had no hand in that night's plot."

"Now you understand why I ask you to pardon and shield my husband?"

"I begin to understand it all now," said Augusta, with a weary tone. "How will it end?"

(To be Continued.)

THE INVISIBLE COMMODORE;

OR,

THE SECRETS OF THE MILL.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE major—the real Major Clyde, the real Deputy Governor of the island—had awaited the strange arrival without the least excitement—listening, however, with singular intentness, to every sound caused by the approach of the newcomers.

Accustomed, in his cage in the hold of the pirate schooner, to follow all the proceedings and movements around him by the ear rather than by the eye, he had acquired a faculty of judging things by their sounds that seemed almost supernatural.

And this faculty now came singularly to his aid, he being able to judge of the character of the newcomers by his sense of hearing only, nearly as well as if he had seen them.

"These people are not pirates, Tom," he had whispered to the old sailor, after due investigation by his strangely sharp hearing. "The pirates would not launch themselves upon us in that sort of fashion."

"Then who are they, Master Harry?"

"We'll see, Tom."

With this quiet remark, Harry resumed his seat, and did not move or speak again until the newcomers had presented themselves at the door of the mill-house as related.

They were three in number, all armed with muskets and pistols, and we may as well state, in a breath, who they were.

The first was the "skipper" of the turtler in which Tom Skerritt had come from Antigua.

The second was the old fisherman living under the cliff of whom Tom had spoken.

And the third was a wealthy and honourable planter—the nearest neighbour of the occupants of the haunted mill-house.

They had lighted their way with lanterns.

At the sight of the skipper, who was the foremost and who constituted the "formidable figure" of which mention has been made, the old sailor uttered an exclamation of joyous surprise.

"What! is it you, Skipper Jack?" he cried.

Skipper Jack recoiled as if he had seen a ghost. His eyes seemed about to start from their sockets, as their glances rushed over Tom's face and figure.

"Why, it's really you, Tom Skerritt?" he demanded. "You are not dead!"

"Not if I know it!" avowed Tom.

"And yet I saw you thrown from the cliff," declared Skipper Jack. "You was hardly gone when I was sorry I'd let you go alone. The wind holding bad for me, I determined to overtake you and go to town with you. When I reached the top of the cliff, who should I see but that black-muzzled deputy and you, Tom, coming to the edge of the precipice together."

"That was an odd thing, and so I looked a moment to see what was up. And while I looked, I saw the deputy throw you over. Not supposing any human being could survive such a fall as that, and that consequently no effort of mine could help you, and also thinking that murderous villain would kill me if I uttered the least outcry, I kept perfectly still until he had gone."

"Then I went and told Fisherman Bokins, and we went together and told Squire Merry. Next we took lanterns and went and searched under the cliff, but could not find you; we found only the remains of a man who must have been killed several months ago by a fall from the cliff, either through accident or design."

"We finally concluded that the black-muzzled deputy had been ahead of us, and that he had brought your body in this direction for burial, or to hide it. And so it fell out that we three made up our minds to call upon the assassin, presuming that the job had detained him over night at this place, as storms and other things have more than once detained him!"

"All right, gentlemen," said Tom. "Please be seated, as the particulars of these things are not to be told in a breath. And before I begin my explanations allow me to present you to my old master, Major Clyde," and he indicated Harry with a gesture. "Sit down, gentlemen, and I'll tell you his story first!"

These remarks sufficed, of course, to make our hero the centre of attention.

And the three men having saluted him with grave wonderment, they accepted the seats offered them, while Tom hastily set forth the principal facts in Harry's case, just as they are already known to the reader.

The astonishment of the newcomers increased with every word of the old sailors' narration, culminating in emotions too deep for adequate expression.

This, then, was the great secret of the afflictions which had for several years fallen so heavily upon the colony.

There were two Major Clydes and two deputy governors—the false and the true.

What a daring and wicked masquerade had for three years been in progress.

The wonder of the three men was equalled only by their joy at Harry's escape from the pirates, and at the beginning of his vindication, which was equally the beginning of the impostor's unmasking.

Their congratulations to Harry were as many and prompt as were their offers to devote all their powers of mind and body to his service and protection.

And then Tom Skerritt proceeded to explain by what seeming miracle he had escaped the death to which he had been hurled by the false deputy, and by what chain of circumstances he

and Harry had been discovered by their new friends in their present situation.

All the facts in the case having been duly considered, the five men entered into serious discussion as to the measures next in order.

Before they had arrived at any plan of action, however, the major suddenly held up his hand warningly, enforcing silence.

"You hear nothing, I suppose?" he questioned, smiling significantly.

"Nothing, except the wind," replied Squire Merry.

"And the roar of the fire," supplemented Bokins.

"That is not all," said Harry, after listening again intently. "Somebody is coming—with horses—at quite a distance yet, but I have heard distinctly the sound of hoofs striking against stones in the path. There!"

He alone heard the repetition of the sound; the others could not detect it.

"There are four of them," he added. "Their horses have stumbled against that rising step in the ledge of rock crossing the path. I hear them still advancing!"

A few moments later he finished:

"All is still now. The four men are dismounting and hitching their horses. They intend to creep in upon us. The leader is doubtless my famous double. The old negress has been to town to notify him of our presence here, Tom—yours and mine. He's coming here to kill us!"

"True, and we also outnumber them," said Harry, continuing to listen. "Step into the edge of the woods back of the mill, all of you and wait for me. I have a plan—which I can at least try. Go!"

Tom and his three new friends hastened to comply, vanishing through the rear door of the mill-house.

For the next minute or two a very deep silence reigned.

Then Harry smiled.

He had detected the cautious advance of the four assassins, who, as deadly and stealthy as snakes, were creeping through the bushes and grasses toward the house.

He even detected the sounds caused by their swords in trailing over obstructions.

Producing a pencil, Harry wrote swiftly upon a slip of paper, which he placed in a prominent position upon the table.

"MANY thanks for the kind hospitality of the mistress of this house. We are too busy to await her return, and will push on the town."

"THE TWO STRANGERS."

And with this Harry slipped from the rear door of the mill-house, joining his friends, just as the four assassins crept across the front veranda to the entrance.

A moment thereafter the leader of the quartette gained his feet, drew his sword, opened the door, and hastily entered.

He was, of course, the false Major Clyde.

He looked even more sinister than usual, having muffled his features and slouched his hat over his eyes, and his mien was simply that of murder incarnate.

Behind him came three ruffians of similar aspect, each in the act of drawing his sword, while his left hand rested nervously on the butt of a pistol.

The attitude of the entire party attested that they expected and intended to pounce upon a doomed and hapless victim.

The surprise of the four assassins at finding the apartment deserted was even greater than their annoyance.

The false major had counted upon an easy triumph.

"Gone!" he yelled, in a terrible voice, after a wild glare around him.

"But not without formal leave-taking," said one of his followers, pointing at the slip of paper, which was plainly revealed in the bright fire-light. "A touching farewell, no doubt."

The false major caught up the slip and read it aloud.

"The bird has flown, you see," he muttered. "We must have passed them on the way hither!"

"I think it's more likely that they have gone to the eastern shore, as they both came by that route," suggested one of the pirates.

"If the two men are really the parties we suppose them to be," said another.

"Oh, they are the two we want," said the leader, grimly. "I know my instinct can be depended upon. I believe, too, that they have gone to the eastern shore. They had connections in that quarter, and can make Bridgetown by boat, with this wind, easier and quicker than on foot across the island. They must have been gone some hours."

"We can let the hounds loose after them."

"And so make our own people trouble?" asked the false major. "No, they have doubtless been gone some hours. If they took to the eastern shore, they are now beyond pursuit. If they have gone across the island, they will inevitably fall into the hands of the scouts we have posted behind them. "Whichever route they have taken," he added, jubilantly, "they are sure to fall into our hands. The whole harbour bristles with our men. All we can do is to rest and refresh ourselves and return to town at our leisure."

The false major might have been at once more frank and explicit. But he had said quite enough to afford all necessary information to our hero, who, just without the rear door, had listened to every word of the preceding confidences.

"Well, here's a good fire," said one of the men, throwing himself into a chair. "And if the supplies of the old mammy are what they are generally supposed to be, we can make ourselves comfortable. I'd like a hot sling and a bite of beast or bird!"

"You can have your wish, I think," said the leader, proceeding to a cupboard and supplying himself with a piece of candle, which he lighted. "As you are all doubtless aware, this estate is not kept up entirely in the interest of mammy, but also in the interest of your humble servant. Consequently, I have my own supplies here, as you shall see."

He hastened to unlock a cupboard at one side of the room, and soon produced a supply of stores that would have furnished a repast for a score of hungry men.

"Now, Swattles," he said, to one of his followers, "let us see what you can do in the way of getting up a hasty luncheon."

Harry did not wait to hear more, but quickly joined his companions.

Both the major and Tom had become familiar with the premises while searching for the old negress, collecting fuel, &c., and this knowledge was now turned to good account by them.

The little party first gained the opened space which had been cleared to allow the long and broad arms of the mill sufficient room for their revolutions.

Then they reached the edge of the bushes, fringing the pathless woods.

"It seems that we have a bad lot to deal with, my friends," observed Harry, at the first pause that was made to reconnoitre and listen. "These men talk of their scouts on the island, and their men on the sea—assuring themselves that we shall soon be in their clutches!"

He led the way onward.

The sound of their retreat from the premises had, of course, been covered by the louder movements of their pursuers.

Gliding along the edge of the bushes they had reached, the five men soon struck into the path by which they had come.

Not far from the junction of this path with the yard or clearing of the mill-house they found four horses.

"Who comes there?" suddenly demanded a sharp, concentrated voice.

Harry looked in the direction of the speaker.

He stood in the midst of the horses.

Evidently he was on guard over them, and as evidently a pirate.

The reply of our hero was expressed only in action.

Noting that the demand was a mere formality, and that the sentry was off his guard, having no suspicion of the actual character of the newcomers, Harry leaped upon him, receiving prompt assistance, and in a very few moments the man was a close prisoner, gagged and bound.

"If you take him away a short distance," said Harry, "I will take his place, and we will await the return of the four men at the mill. Five to four—we ought to capture them."

The necessary disposition of affairs was soon made, and the four men waited. The waning night wore on.

At last the pirates were heard returning. They made considerable noise, at least two of them being tipsy.

Even the false major was unusually excited as well as unguarded, boasting what he would do, and threatening dire disaster to our hero and to the Morrows.

Harry waited until the quartette were close to him, and then challenged them, imitating as closely as possible the voice and mien of the man whose place he had taken.

"A friend," answered the false major.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," ordered Harry.

The pirate complied, advancing to within a few yards, saying:

"Barbadoes!"

"All right," said Harry. "Take that!"

The word was accompanied with a blow from the butt of the musket that stretched the false major senseless.

"And you may take that," added Harry, levelling a second pirate.

By this time Tom and his friends had secured the other two. The four pirates were prisoners.

CHAPTER IX.

This great change in the situation of affairs was as pleasant to Harry and his friends as it was unexpected.

The false major was a prisoner, with three of his most trusted ruffians.

It was no easy matter, however, to keep within bounds the man who had been addressed as Swattles.

He was as ugly as his name.

Despite the cords which had been placed upon him, it was with difficulty that two of the captors could maintain him in place, and prevent him from rending the air with his cries.

Indeed, so desperate did he become that the captors soon became tired of half measures, and gagged him as thoroughly as they would have muzzled a bear.

And this example having been lost upon one of his fellows, this latter was also treated to the same restraint, being reduced to perfect silence and helplessness.

"It seems that we are masters of the field," said Squire Merry. "Let us now see what sort of game we have bagged."

Holding his lantern to the face of the false major, he added:

"Is this the man, Mr. Skerritt, who threw you down the precipice?"

Tom took the lantern into his own hand, and examined the distorted features before him long and attentively.

"Yes, Squire Merry, he's the man!" he then answered.

"You can swear to him, without any hesitation or reserve?"

"Yes, sir! He's the very man."

"The very same, sir," confirmed Skipper Jack, as he also scanned the hideous visage of the unconscious pirate. "It was light enough for me to recognise him distinctly, at the moment of the attempted murder, and I was near enough to see the flush on his face. I can swear to his identity at any time or place, sir."

"Then we may as well commit him to gaol in

due form," said Squire Merry, who was one of the most respected magistrates residing in the interior of the island. "The prisoner is certainly the man who has been figuring as our deputy governor for three years past. You recognise him as such, of course, Mr. Bokins?"

The old fisherman assented.

"I am afraid the major hit him harder than he intended," added the magistrate. "At any rate it can do no harm to hasten his return to consciousness by sprinkling his face with water. I hear a brook babbling close at hand."

Tom hastened to act upon the hint, and the plentiful sprinkling he gave the face of the pirate leader was not long in producing the desired result.

A brief series of moans escaped the ruffian, and then he opened his eyes, staring around him with a mien that was even more expressive of ferocity than astonishment.

"You may take a good look at me, Mr. Pirate, if you choose," said Tom, holding his lantern in such a way as to reveal himself perfectly. "I am the man you pitched over a precipice in this vicinity just before sundown—Tom Skerritt, at your service! You see that I know you!"

The emotions of the prisoner, as he realised the truth of these words, could have been read in the awful glare of his eyes, and also in the efforts he made to break his bonds and to eject the gag from his mouth.

All in vain, however, were these efforts, and when the miscreant had exhausted his strength in this futile manner, Squire Merry presented himself to his notice.

"You recognise me, I see," said the magistrate. "I propose now to give you the opportunity of saying a few words, if you will not use a louder voice than is necessary. Permit me!"

He removed the gag from the mouth of the prisoner, adding:

"At the first cry for help, I'll shut you up again."

The rage and consternation of the false major were so great that he could not avail himself of the use of his tongue for several moments.

"This business will cost you dearly, Squire Merry!" he then growled, writhing in his bonds.

"Spare your threats, wretched man," returned the magistrate, taking a seat upon a stump near him, "and answer me a few questions. Do you know this man?" and he indicated the old fisherman.

"Yes, I do. His name is Bokins," answered the prisoner, after a pause. "He's a fisherman, who has a hut on the eastern shore under the cliff. What of him?"

"He knows you, sir. And here is a man who saw you when you threw Mr. Skerritt over the tall precipice," declared the magistrate, indicating Skipper Jack. "You will perceive, therefore, that we are aware alike of your identity and your crime."

He was interrupted by a wild yell from the prisoner, which appeared to be uttered in the hope that it would reach the ears of a friend.

"That's the game, is it?" muttered Squire Merry, carrying his hand as promptly as firmly to the prisoner's throat. "We'll have to spare you these vain efforts. In with that gag again, Mr. Skerritt."

To hear was to obey.

"We will, of course, commit him to jail without bail upon our arrival in town," said the magistrate, "and at the same time take good care that his real character is revealed to Governor Morrow. To this end I must make formal demand of all of you to attend me to Bridgetown, and the sooner we put in our appearance at the Government House the better."

"The prisoners are all to go with us, of course, sir?" asked Tom.

"Certainly," answered Harry. "We must mount them on the horses, tying them there, and lead the animals by the bridle, lighting our way with the lanterns."

The little cavalcade was soon arranged upon

the basis thus proposed, and took its departure along the rude path in the direction of the capital of the island.

"A good haul," commented Tom, who had constituted himself especial guardian of the false major. "There'll be high old times in Barbadoes to-morrow. How great will be the astonishment of the good people of the colony when they learn what a wolf in sheep's clothing they have been harbouring. Oh! you may tug at them ropes, neighbour," he added, addressing the prisoner, "and you may glare with them eyes, but if you are not strung up at yard-arm, or shot like a dog by drum-head court-martial within twenty-four hours, you may call Tom Skerritt your twin brother by profession!"

The mere suggestion of the probable fate in store for him filled the false major with emotions of the most horrible description.

It was more like a wild beast than like a sentient being that he writhed and struggled and gnawed his gag, as he was borne onward.

At the end of a mile, and when the procession was beginning to emerge from the hills, the rays of an approaching lantern became visible at no great distance, partially revealing the figure of the individual by whom it was carried.

"It's the old negress, sir," announced Tom, quickly.

"Yes, Tom," answered Harry. "You see we were right in believing she had gone to town to report us. She is so far on her way back again. We will, of course, take her captive, and leave her in the adjacent bushes, as we have left that sentry back there, to cool off until morning."

This purpose was duly executed with very little trouble and outcry, and the procession continued its way westward.

"From what the impostor said," observed Harry to Squire Merry, who walked by his side, "I do not believe we shall reach town without a further encounter with some of his confederates."

"I agree with you, sir," returned the magistrate. "It's clear that this man has filled the island with his creatures, and that some alarm or warning he has received has caused him to fairly picket the road between here and our destination. In fact—"

"Halt!" suddenly resounded upon the air not twenty yards ahead of the speakers.

The order was complied with, and a regular challenge followed, to which the usual answer was given, and Harry advanced and gave the countersign he had so cleverly obtained.

The order to pass on was given by the sentry as he made way for the cavalcade, and in another moment it had resumed its progress without being in the least suspected, although the false major made every effort he could to betray his identity.

Once clear of this peril, a considerable interval of silence succeeded.

But the situation was too strange not to provoke early and earnest comment from the lips of Squire Merry.

"You are indeed making an extraordinary advent among us, Major Clyde," he said. "Do you know who your double really is?"

"No, sir," replied Harry. "I suspect he is a man of considerable authority among the pirates, and I have even thought of Mallet himself in this connection, but there are difficulties in the way of that or any other theory that has occurred to me. For instance, Captain Mallet is reputed to be a Frenchman—as the name itself suggests—but I have seen nothing in the looks or speech of my extraordinary duplicate to lead me to suppose him to be a Frenchman. All I can say is that we are in a fair way to clear up his identity."

"Even as you are in a fair way to establish yours, sir," said the magistrate, smilingly. "One thing is certain: we have got a surprise for Governor Morrow—yes, two of them—that will exceed any surprise he has ever experienced!"

Another piratical post was soon encountered, but it was passed with as little difficulty as

before, thanks to the countersign. Indeed, the circumstances under which these posts had been placed were such that none of the men on guard were surprised to see such a cavalcade advancing toward the town, and beyond a few curious glances or questions, it received no special attention.

"So far, all is well, Squire Merry," observed our hero, when more than half of the distance between the haunted mill-house and the town had been left behind him. "But we are not yet free from danger, for a reason that may have occurred to you. We shall doubtless encounter somewhere a considerable body of pirates, from which the various solitary pickets we have met have been detached."

"True, but we must trust to our good fortune to get us through, or to our pistols and muskets!"

Thus beguiling the tedious minutes, Harry and his friends pressed on their way steadily, increasing their pace as the path became more open, and as they neared the town.

Another solitary picket was succeeded by a post composed of half a dozen of them; but even this latter peril, which at first sent a thrill to every heart in the cavalcade, was passed with no other trouble than a few sharp words from Harry, and the voluntary extinguishing of a couple of lanterns, which might have otherwise revealed to his friends the livid countenance of the principal prisoner. And so in due course our hero and his friends made their appearance in the vicinity of the Government House, and took their way rapidly to the main entrance, in accordance with the best judgment of Squire Merry as well as with Harry's.

"My first step is to place myself in my proper position," said Harry, as he led the way into the broad avenue in front of the official residence. "I daresay I can place my hand upon my commission, among the effects of the administrative desk, and if so, I will soon act as becomes a representative of the British government."

Passing the guard at the main entrance, with no other trouble than the oft-met challenge and the oft-given countersign—a measure, by the way, that confirmed Harry's belief that his double had established a sort of martial law around him—the little group of new arrivals was soon in the reception room, with their prisoners in their midst, and a messenger was sent in quest of Governor Morrow, while a servant of the household was requested to light up the apartment as quickly as possible.

With the gleams thus afforded Harry commenced ransacking the desk so long at the use of his predecessor, and it is only just to say that he was guided almost as well by his instinct as he could have been by actual knowledge.

So well, indeed, that at the end of a few moments he produced from the recesses of the desk the actual commission and other papers which had been given to him three years before in England—the very documents, in fact, which had been taken from him after his capture by the pirates.

"Here they are, Squire Merry," he cried, holding them up to the view of the magistrate. "And now to take possession."

At that instant Governor Morrow, pale and agitated, appeared before the new-comer, emerging from his library. A glance told him the significance of Harry's attitude.

"Who are you, sir?" he asked, wonderingly. "I am Major Clyde, your excellency—the real major, sir—who has the honour to report to your excellency for duty!"

(To be Continued.)

A SUPPLEMENTARY Army Estimate shows that a further sum of £150,000 is required to meet expenditure in respect of provisions during the year ending March 31, 1878. It is explained that this is owing to the high prices of provisions.

SINNED AGAINST: NOT SINNING.

BY

MISS E. OWENS BLACKBURNE,

Now a Christian Contemporary.

CHAPTER LVII.

KINDLY hands laid the old rector of Pendleton in his last home, and many an honest tear was shed over the grave of the good old man thus mercifully taken from the evil to come.

As Mr. Vincent stood by the open grave and read the beautiful burial service he fully realised the bitter truth that it is we who are left behind who are to be pitied, and not the quiet dead.

There was a curious gathering around that grave—Leopold Ormiston, Margaret Power, Henry Garthside, and Muriel Oliphant.

"How Mr. Warner seems to be universally regretted," said Henry Garthside, as they walked away, suiting their pace to Muriel Oliphant's tottering steps.

For very feeble and shadowy she looked as they walked through a pleasant grass-grown lane, with honeysuckle hedgerows on either side and the green boughs above, making a screen from the August harvest sun.

Muriel had expressly wished to come to the funeral, or Leopold Ormiston would never have thought of her being present.

"Yes, he was much beloved, and justly so," replied Leopold Ormiston, gravely. "He was a good man—as good a man as ever breathed."

"By the way," interposed Henry Garthside, "does anyone know anything about Miss Warner? How is she?"

"Yes," said Mr. Vincent. "I was speaking to the doctor in the graveyard, and he said Miss Warner was much better. In fact, the fever was not very serious. She was delicious only for a day and a night. It was not brain-fever proper."

"Then what was it?"

The questioner was Leopold Ormiston.

"Merely the result of great mental excitement, and the effects of the combined shocks of the railway accident and her father's illness."

"Does she know of her father's death?"

"No, not yet."

"Doctor Gordon also told me," pursued Mr. Vincent, "that it was fortunate he had taken back the cypher book. When he returned the morning after we had seen it he found her raving for it, and conscious enough to know she was being deceived when another book had been substituted in its stead."

"But she is not yet considered well enough to be told about her father's death?" said Leopold Ormiston.

"No. Was she much attached to him?" asked Mr. Vincent.

"I am sure it is quite impossible to say," returned Leopold Ormiston, rather sarcastically. "I should be inclined to say, from all we know of Miss Warner's conduct, however, that she is a thoroughly selfish and unscrupulous woman, caring nothing for the feelings and the sufferings of others provided she achieves her own ends."

"Hush! hush!" said gentle Mr. Vincent. "It is true her conduct now shows itself in a most reprehensible light, but we should recollect that as yet we know but one side of the affair."

"Why, Mr. Vincent," exclaimed Leopold Ormiston, in considerable consternation, "surely you have not forgotten that I saw Miss Warner myself push this woman off the quarry cliff? We also have the testimony of her own diary, and the combined testimony of us all is, I think, sufficient to establish her guilt."

"I forgot to tell you, in the hurry of coming out this morning," said Henry Garthside, "that I have had a letter from my cousin, Barbara Finlay, in which she says that Sir Percival Rossmore has been up at my house making inquiries about me. There must be some reason for his doing so."

"I should think, Mr. Garthside," interposed Mr. Vincent, "that the fact of your having met with so severe an accident ought to be sufficient to account for Sir Percival Rossmore going to inquire for you."

"Ah!"—and the hunchback smiled faintly—"you do not know Sir Percival Rossmore. He looks upon his dependents as though they were hardly human beings, and unless he had some very especial reason or some point to gain he would never have thought of inquiring for me!"

"Do you think it likely, sir," suggested Margaret Power, addressing Leopold Ormiston, "that Sir Percival Rossmore may have heard any news from the asylum?"

"That never struck me," he replied. "You know their ways there. Do you think it likely?"

"I think it is, sir," she replied. "You see this is how they do there. They never make a fuss about any patient that escapes until they can't help it, and it is very likely that they have now sent and told Sir Percival Rossmore."

"But why should they go to Mr. Garthside's house, or, rather, why should you connect Mrs. Oliphant's escape with Sir Percival Rossmore's visit there?"

"Because," replied Margaret Power, "there can be no doubt but that they at once put their detectives on the scent, and I daresay they traced her to Mr. Garthside's."

"Then they are likely to track Mrs. Oliphant to Pendleton," exclaimed Leopold Ormiston, "so the sooner we get indoors the better."

"You will not give me up, Mr. Ormiston? You will not allow them to put me in the asylum again?" said poor Muriel Oliphant, clinging to his arm as they entered the gate of the Manor Farm.

"Most certainly not," he replied, decidedly. "Have no fear, Mrs. Oliphant. You are perfectly safe with me."

Muriel Oliphant lay upon the sofa in the cool, pleasant farmhouse parlour, Margaret Power assiduously attending upon her.

The good care she received had so far improved her that, although she looked fragile and weak, yet some traces of her former comeliness were to be observed now in her appearance.

Her wasted hands were white and well-cared for.

Her plain, neat dress displayed a shrunken but yet well-formed figure, and the gray hair, which was banded beneath a simple white net cap, rippled back from the forehead in a way which suggested that it must have been very beautiful in its prime.

His many engagements claimed Leopold Ormiston's attention.

Mr. Vincent had gone up to see Doctor Gordon.

Margaret Power was busied about the house, and thus it came to pass that Henry Garthside found himself alone with Muriel Oliphant.

The scent of the late summer roses was wafted in at the open window, mingled with the thousand other sweet odours gathered by the faint breeze in the old-fashioned garden.

And as his senses became cognisant of them Henry Garthside's thoughts went back through the lapse of the vanished years, and he recalled just such another August afternoon, when he had sat in his empty schoolroom stricken down with grief, whilst the sunbeams smote upon his devoted head.

"Muriel!" he said, very gently. "Muriel!"

"Yes, Henry."

"Muriel, do you remember what this day is the anniversary of? I have never forgotten it."

"I confess I have forgotten," she replied, wearily; "but I have had so much trouble that I have forgotten most things. What is it the anniversary of, Henry?"

"It is the anniversary of the day upon which you left Rossmore," he said.

There was a dead silence in the room for some minutes.

Each was evidently struggling with some almost overwhelming emotion.

The woman was the first to recover herself. Putting out her hand, which Henry Garthside clasped between his two long, thin, nervous ones, she said, brokenly:

"Henry, and have you thought so much of me?"

"Could I help doing so, Muriel?" he asked, half-reproachfully.

"Better for you if you had not done so," she replied. "I was not worth all your great heart."

"Don't say that, Muriel," he said, eagerly. "I gave my love—it was no fault of yours. You were so blithe and so bonny that I could not choose but look and love."

"So bonny!" she exclaimed, with a sad, bitter ring in her voice. "Yes, that was my bane."

"And then I thought of my own unloveliness," he said, sadly, and unheeding the interruption, "and He taught me to be patient."

Muriel, he continued, "I could almost have borne to have known that you were married to some good man, who would have loved you and cherished you as you deserved, but it was the uncertainty which maddened me. Muriel, were it not that I then had the ties of an ailing mother and sister I would have left Rossmore, and have searched for you through the world."

His strange, pale face became almost transfigured from his great emotion, whilst the tears which rose from Muriel Oliphant's heart and gathered in her eyes slowly chased each other down her cheeks.

"Better not to have done so," she said, pressing the hands which held hers—"better not. Mine was a wilful, proud, rebellious spirit, that required to be tamed, and Heaven knows I have gone through a bitter purgation."

"The Lord works in many mysterious ways," replied Henry Garthside, reverently. "We cannot always see why He does so, but we may be sure that whatever He does is the very best thing that can be done."

"I know it now," she said, softly.

And then Muriel Oliphant raised herself upon her pillows.

A faint flush suffused her faded cheeks as she gazed steadily at the good, lofty countenance of Henry Garthside.

"Henry," she said, "I do not regret all I have gone through since I feel that because of it I have come forth with my heart purified through the fire of tribulation. And I now see more clearly, Henry—I see clearly enough to value the great love you have given me, and were I free I would say:

"Henry Garthside, if you think me worthy of it take me as your devoted wife."

Henry Garthside bent down and kissed her hand, saying, reverently:

"What He does is always best."

CHAPTER LVIII.

Oh! how can love's eye be true,
That is so vexed with watching and with tears!
No marvel then that I mistake my view—
The sun itself sees not till Heaven clears.
SHAKESPEARE.

PRONE on her bed lay Ulrica Warner.

The fever had abated, and she was dimly conscious of something unusual having occurred.

For several days she lay there, not seeming to recognise anyone, yet taking in everything that was said.

In obedience to the doctor's orders, she had not yet been told of her father's death. Nevertheless, she had an idea that something uncommon was going on.

She was too weak, also, to ask questions.

She shaped them in her brain, but she had not the energy to give them tongue.

She watched her aunt going to and fro with a sad, grave face.

Yet she could not so far arouse herself as to ask her how and why she came there.

But there was one thing of which Ulrica Warner was fully conscious, and that was that she must not, under any circumstances whatever, let her cypher book out of her possession.

It was the last thing she was conscious of when going to sleep, and it was her first thought upon awaking from her uneasy slumbers.

She had no idea that it had ever been out of her custody, and it amused her to think of how carefully she had kept it.

At length a day came when she was well enough to hear the news of her father's death, and her aunt told it her.

Selfish and unnatural as she was, she yet grieved for the kind old man, and the shock of hearing that he had been dead and buried for more than a week again seriously retarded her recovery.

But soon she was able to be up, and to come downstairs and see the friends who called to condole with her.

They were, one and all, surprised at her appearance.

Pale and wasted Ulrica Warner certainly was, but yet her hollow eyes gleamed with a strange, restless light, and a hectic-looking spot perpetually burned upon either cheek.

This was especially the case whenever any visitor was announced.

Her aunt noticed it, and told Doctor Gordon.

"The feverishness does not seem to have left Ulrica," said Mrs. Welland.

But the doctor drew his own conclusions.

"Possibly she may have something on her mind," he suggested. "Speak to her, and try and find out."

Mrs. Welland acted upon the doctor's hint, but Ulrica steadily resisted all attempts to win her confidence, and the good woman was fain to give up the task in disappointed despair.

Day after day passed, and still Ulrica Warner hoped against hope that Leopold Ormiston would call in and see her.

But he came not, and the girl became more and more irritable, and incapable of properly attending to what was going on around her.

She was now able to go out a little in the garden every day, and one night, as she lay tossing restlessly upon her sleepless bed, she determined to make an effort to see Leopold Ormiston the next day.

In her enfeebled brain she tried to go over every detail of what had taken place, but her head refused to work.

She could get no further than that strange circumstance of her having seen him on the cliff path, and beside him the face of Muriel Oliphant.

"I must see him!" she moaned, feverishly. "He has treated me cruelly. He all but said he wished to make me his wife, and now, in my grief and loneliness, he keeps away from me."

Thus she had construed all Leopold Ormiston's ambiguous words.

The morrow came, but her resolution to take a walk and try and meet Leopold Ormiston failed her.

She had intended to seem overcome by fatigue as she neared the Manor Farm, and then to ask for permission to rest.

The spirit, truly, was willing, but the flesh was weak, and Ulrica Warner, worn out from her restless, uneasy night, lay all day upon the sofa, unable even to go into the garden.

However, she was determined that this state of affairs should not continue.

Ulrica, therefore, greedily ate and drank of everything set before her, determined to keep up her strength to enable her to carry out the remainder of her plot, if possible.

But day followed day, and although Ulrica Warner did not become weaker yet she certainly was not able for the exertion of a walk to the Manor Farm.

Not capable of bearing the excitement of meeting and speaking to Leopold Ormiston did she chance to have an interview with him.

Yet it was this intense, ungratified desire to see him which kept her from becoming stronger—which sapped the foundations of her very life—which gave the hectic tint to her cheek and the feverish light to her eye.

Doctor Gordon knew that Ulrica Warner's fever of mind was retarding her recovery. But he could not minister to a mind diseased, and



[LADY PENDLETON'S GRIEVANCE.]

looked hopelessly and even compassionately at the woman who had thus wrecked her own life and happiness, and who dragged out existence with the burden of attempted murder blasting her soul.

"How is Miss Warner getting on?" inquired Leopold Ormiston one day of Doctor Gordon, as he strolled through the fields with him.

"She is not picking up her strength, I fear," replied the doctor, gravely, "but it is more illness of the mind than illness of the body which is the matter with her at present."

"I don't wonder at it."

Leopold Ormiston spoke drily and bitterly.

As we have before stated, he was not hard-hearted.

He could readily have forgiven any attempted injury to himself, but anything directed against the peace of mind and happiness of his beautiful and beloved Everil he found it impossible to find any extenuation for.

"When does the new rector take up his residence here, do you know?" asked Leopold Ormiston.

"Next week, I believe."

"And Miss Warner. What is she going to do?"

"I believe the new rector has taken the furniture at a valuation, and Miss Warner tells me she has a small income left to her by her mother."

"Then she is not left quite destitute. She need not go out as a governess, or as that new-fangled and absurd anomaly, a lady-help."

Upon the very day, and about the same hour, as the following conversation took place, Ulrica Warner received a visitor, no less a visitor than Lady Pendleton, who had returned from London on the previous day.

"My dear Ulrica!" exclaimed the old lady, with a saving remembrance of her rouge, as she carefully wiped away a mythical tear. "I was so sorry to hear of your poor, dear father's death, so sudden, too. But you know, my dear, man's years are but threescore and ten, and all flesh is as grass."

Lady Pendleton had been preparing this curious piece of consolation during her drive from Pendleton Hall.

"Thank you so much for coming to see me, dear Lady Pendleton," replied Ulrica, also conjuring up a tear. "I had no idea you had returned from London."

"Ah!" and Lady Pendleton leaned back in her chair and gave a deep sigh, "it was much against my will I left London now, but Everil is so capricious, and as I shall not have her to trouble me much longer I thought it better to come back, for she kept me in such a state of nervous worry that had it gone on any longer I should have looked a perfect fright at the wedding."

"Then, of course, you were right to come home, dear Lady Pendleton," replied the ever-acquiescent Ulrica.

"Yes," and Lady Pendleton slowly fanned herself. "I resigned myself to circumstances, although my dresses were yet in the dress-maker's hands."

"I presume you have selected the whole trousseau for Miss Vane? What an advantage it must have been for her to have had the benefit of your exquisite taste."

Lady Pendleton dropped her face, and held up her hands, and elevated her painted eyebrows in horror.

"Ulrica!"

"Yes, Lady Pendleton?"

"Ulrica, I shall be only too glad when I get rid of Everil. The conduct of that girl is almost beyond belief. I never thought such an indignity would have been put upon me."

Hereupon Lady Pendleton proceeded to relate Everil's nefarious conduct in refusing to have any trousseau but what she could buy with the proceeds of the sale of her mother's pearls.

It was another puzzle for Ulrica Warner, and she listened attentively, and took in every detail which the old lady retailed in her willing ears.

"And what about your own wedding, Ulrica?"

said Lady Pendleton. "I suppose it must now be postponed because of your poor, dear father's unexpected death."

Ulrica Warner started. A vivid colour suffused her face, and then retreated, leaving it deadly pale.

She knew Lady Pendleton was an inveterate patronising gossip, and that unless she bound her over to secrecy, that she would spread the report all over the parish.

"Dear Lady Pendleton," she replied, with a pretty little affectation of confidence, as she laid her hand upon the old lady's. "Will you do me the favour of never in any way alluding to my marriage for the present?" she continued. "There is no question about it, and it is painful for me to think of it at—at such a time, so soon after the death of my dear father!" and Ulrica Warner put her handkerchief to her eyes, as though overcome with emotion.

"Very well, my dear—very well," replied Lady Pendleton, who objected to emotion, on the principle that it brought wrinkles on the countenance; "but tell me what you are going to do—you cannot live here."

"No, certainly not. The new rector, Mr. Tomlinson, has taken everything at a valuation, so I leave this next week, and go to Aunt Welland's, at Ferndale, for the present."

"May I ask if your father has saved any money for you?"

"Not much—but I have a small income left to me by my mother, which must always be enough for me to live quietly upon."

"Until you are married, my dear?" interposed Lady Pendleton, returning to the subject.

"We need not speak of that now."

"And you are going to your aunt's?"

"Yes, they have invited me, and they are my nearest relatives."

"Ulrica," said Lady Pendleton. "I have a proposal to make to you which may induce you to alter your plans."

(To be Continued.)



[IN THE SWABIAN LAND.]

THE MYSTERY OF RAVENSWALD:

A TALE OF

THE FIRST CRUSADE.

CHAPTER I.

Every wise man's son doth know.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

THE time of which I write was the first half of the twelfth century, during the first Crusade.

The scene of our story was the ancient Duchy of Swabia.

The territory of the grand duke was one of the fairest and most fruitful of Germany, being bounded on the north by the Palatinate of the Rhine and Franconia, east by Bavaria, south by Switzerland, and west by France.

Its scenery was widely diversified, being made up of broad tracts of beautiful plain and vale, rich and prolific, and of mountains and forests as wild and as dark as any in the empire. In the west was the famed Black Forest, than which a trace of more wild and varied grandeur is not to be found anywhere, while in the south arose the bleak Alps, reflecting the sunbeams from their crowns of eternal snow.

The Grand Duchy of Swabia had been once made hereditary in the house of Hohenstaufen; but the fierce conflicts of not many years had been sufficient to crush that aspiring family, and a far better rule had been found in a brave and noble knight of Ravenswald.

But even here bright promises of government had failed, and good had given place to evil, as we shall see by-and-by.

It was afternoon of a day of the month of May.

The morning had been bright and beautiful,

and with prospect of a favourable day a hunting party had set forth, at an early hour, from the stout castle of the Count of Ortenberg.

Their course had been to the southward, through the eastern border of the Black Forest, and as the game was plenty, and the chase became exciting, they rode faster and farther than they thought.

At the head of the cavalcade rode a young man, not more than one-and-twenty years of age, who seemed to be the leader—the one to whom the others looked for direction, and to whose will they bowed.

He was of medium height and size; muscular and strong; of perfect proportions; his movements marked by an ease and grace which betokened entire self-possession and healthful flow of spirits; and the manner in which he sat his horse, and wielded the weapons of the chase, clearly showed that he had been long and faithfully trained in manly exercise.

His face was one of rare beauty; the features not only regular and handsome, but beaming with intelligence, and toned to a commanding aspect by the dignity of deep thought and the truthful lustre of the clear grey eyes.

His hair was of a dark, rich brown, worn long, and flowing over his shoulders in glossy ringlets.

His garb was an ordinary hunting costume of the period,—a doublet, or blouse, of stout dark cloth, with capacious pockets, secured at the waist by the sword-belt; leggings of pliant leather; topped boots; a close-fitting velvet cap upon the head, with an ostrich plume sweeping over it from left to right; and with a small silver bugle slung over his shoulder.

We may call this youth our hero, and know him, as others knew him, as Lionel of Ortenberg, nephew of the Count Eldred of that ancient house; and as the count had no children of his own, Lionel was regarded as his heir.

By Lionel's side, where the way was wide enough to permit it, rode a youth a year younger than himself, and also a nephew of the Count of Ortenberg, though it was a maternal relation-

ship, he being the son of the Count of Ortenberg's sister.

He was called Kenneth of Wollstein; and though not so large nor so strong as was Lionel, nor so prompt and self-reliant, yet he was a brave and handsome youth, of whom a mother might well be proud, and whom a maiden might love exceedingly.

His garb was like that of his companion, only a trifle more gay and showy. His frock was of velvet, and his sword-belt daintily ornamented.

These two were the chiefs of the party; the others, eight in number, were foresters and hunters, retainers of the count, whose business it was to attend the gentry of the household upon their expeditions into the forest. They were brave, strong men, faithful and true, and well versed in every department of woodcraft.

It might be well, perhaps, to particularly notice two of these followers, because they are evidently above their fellows, and in all things pertaining to the chase their counsel and advice is sought, even by the chief himself.

They are Rupert and Jasper, and they are the trusted henchmen of the count, the former having been advanced to the rank of esquire by his grateful liege, while the other acts in that capacity when he has opportunity; and it is his bold declaration that when Lionel shall receive the knightly accolade, he will claim that second rank, only a single step below the station of him who wears the golden spur, and to be won only by a brave, true, and loyal man.

Rupert was a Saxon; fair-haired, and blue-eyed; pleasant of feature, but keen, sharp, and fearless; between forty and fifty years of age; and had served the house of Ortenberg since his first ability to serve; and he had been trusted by his master, not only where dauntless courage was required, but where quickness of wit and clearness of comprehension were absolute requisites. In short, he was a man honoured and respected by all who knew him.

Jasper was younger—not more than two or three and thirty—but in other respects he might safely claim to be the equal of his comrade. He was accounted the best spearman in the forest, and with the long bow he was a marvel.

With a bow and an arrow of his own construction he might be said never to miss his mark.

Near and far his fame in this respect was spread. He, also, had been reared from childhood in the service of Ortenberg, his parents having been tenants and vassals of the count.

As we have intimated, the day was drawing toward its close. Two or three hours before the fore-riders had unearthed a leopard. The whole party had seen the beautiful beast as he took the path in his flight, and could not be mistaken as to its character. How he had come there they could not divine, though they thought it probable that he had escaped from some private owner.

The leopard had taken his way southward, and the excited sportsmen had dashed on in pursuit until their dogs had brought him to bay, when an arrow from the bow of Jasper had laid him low.

The rare skin had been taken off, and the party again mounted, when, upon reaching an opening in the forest whence the tops of the mountains were visible, Rupert discovered that a storm was close upon them.

"Aye," said Jasper, when he had examined the signs, "and it promises to be furious."

And Lionel could "feel it in his bones," as he said. There was a chill dampness in the changeful air, and a gathering gloom, which were not to be mistaken.

"Were are we?" he asked, after they had come to a halt and looked around. "Hark! Is not that the voice of a river?"

"Mercy!" cried Rupert, when he had taken a survey of the surroundings, "it must be the rushing and tumbling of the Wildwasser!"

"How!" exclaimed Lionel. "Do you mean that we are within the territory of Ravenswald?"

"Even so, Master Lionel. Yonder is the sharp peak of the Aldernest. We have ridden far and fast. And—Ha! Oh!"

The ejaculation, in various forms, was echoed by the party; for at that moment a stream of fire, well nigh blinding, had leaped athwart the o'erarching vault, accompanied by a crash as of the rending of mighty mountains.

It was a terrific bolt, and must have struck very near at hand, for the report and the flash were simultaneous.

"Surely, Master Lionel, both you and Master Kenneth," added the forester, "know very well what we have to expect of this—aye, what we know full sure will come."

The party had stopped while Rupert had been pointing out the peak of the Eagle's Nest, and now that he promised to give his opinion of the weather they gathered around to hear.

He was an oracle, and was seldom known to fail. When old Rupert had given his decision of the coming weather, if he had given it with confidence, preparations were sure to be made accordingly.

"What we know will come," he repeated, as his companions gathered around him. "It is near the close of the day, and when the night shuts in, it will be dark in this forest. My soul! it will be a darkness like one compact mass of impenetrable blackness. And do you know what the storm and the tempest are to be? You have seen them in the Schwarzwald; you have seen the whole heaven aflame with tearing fire; you have felt the air and the solid earth quake and quiver beneath the fearful rending of the thunderbolt; you have seen and felt the rain pouring down, not in drops, but in one continuous, sweeping flood; while the wind, always howling at the breaking up of a warm, pleasant spell, such as we have been enjoying for a few weeks past, is sure to sweep down upon us with blinding, bewildering force. You know we cannot trust

ourselves in the open forest to breast the coming storm; neither would it be of any use for us to start for Ortenberg. I see no help but in Ravenswald."

"Is there no other shelter?" asked Lionel, with considerable feeling. "How is it at the Abbey of Saint John? That is very near to Ravenswald Castle."

"Aye," answered Rupert; "and we know that the good friars would cheerfully give shelter to suffering man; but I doubt if they could find room for our horses. I heard from the armourer that their stalls were full to overflowing. The Castle of Ravenswald is spacious, and the grand duke is not the man to close his gates against any man in need."

"I think Tancred is at his Castle of Ravenswald?" said Lionel.

"He was a week ago," answered the old forester. "The dukes of his family have seemed not to fancy the palaces of either Stuttgart or Tübingen. They like their own stout Castle of Ravenswald better."

"I see not how they can do that, if all I hear be true," said the youth, half to himself.

Rupert cast a quick glance around, as though to see if the words last spoken had been heard and noted by the others, and then he motioned to Lionel with his hand, saying, as he did so:

"Idle tales are told of many people, and of many places. I think we had better ride on. The storm will soon be upon us."

"So be it, Rupert. Let us make all speed for Ravenswald."

"Follow me," shouted Jasper, who knew every crook and turn of every possible path in that section of the Schwarzwald. And having thus spoken he reined his horse in the right way, and pushed on, the others following close upon his heels.

By-and-bye they came to a gentle ascent, where the path was broad enough for two to ride abreast, and where the guide allowed his horse to fall into a walk. Rupert spurred on in advance of Kenneth of Wollstein, and gained a place by Lionel's side.

"Master Lionel," he said, not loud enough for others to hear, "from words that fell from your lips a short time since, I judge that you have heard some of the stories that are circulated concerning the Grand Duke Tancred and his Castle of Ravenswald."

The young man reflected a few moments before he answered.

"Rupert," he finally replied, "I am not in the habit of listening to idle tales, nor do I allow myself to form my opinion of any man's character from common report."

A little pause, and then he added:

"Yet, good Rupert, I have allowed myself to entertain a very strong dislike of the Grand Duke of Swabia. His life is not an honest life, and I cannot refuse to put a little faith in the accounts that are given of the mysterious retributions that have been meted out to him. I have seen him only once, and I cannot account for the chilling, permeating repugnance which his appearance produced in me. I do not think he was particularly pleased with me; but why he should have conceived a dislike towards me is a wonder."

"A dislike towards you, Master Lionel?" exclaimed the woodman, in incredulous surprise. "It is not possible. You must have fancied that thing. Your dislike of him put the notion into your head."

"I tried to think so, Rupert, but had to give it up. His bearing was too palpable. However, he may have detected my own feelings upon my face—for what I feel at heart is sure to manifest itself there; and I have furthermore thought that it is not impossible that I may have let fall some word which his ear caught. At all events, I said to myself then, that I hoped I might never meet the man again; so you can judge that the prospect of seeking shelter at his hands did not at first please me."

"I can see," said Rupert; "but, my master, I do not see how you can hope to live in Swabia, and remain always apart from your lawful sovereign. If Tancred should call forth his

liegemen to arms, you would have to join him. Although immediately answerable to the Count Eldred, you are bound to serve the Grand Duke in person should he call upon you."

"I am aware of that, Rupert, and be sure I should not fail to respond. I should not hesitate to join Tancred in the field. However," he added, with a bitter smile, "there seems little prospect of honourable service under his reign. Look at the humiliating terms he has made with Burgundy, and at the treaty with Lorraine. Surely the noble Godfrey would not have done that. If I had been told truly, had Godfrey received that deputation from Lorraine, he would have sent back a sealed dagger. What think you?"

"I think," answered the woodman, slowly and thoughtfully, and with much feeling, "that the Duke of Lorraine would never have dared to send such a mission to Godfrey of Ravenswald. Ah! dark was the day when Godfrey fell—dark for Swabia, and dark for Christendom!"

Lionel's eye brightened, and impulsively he put forth his hand, and gave the henchman a warm and grateful grasp.

They were near to the top of the hill, but there was a little time yet remaining in which they could converse, and there was one subject upon our hero's mind which he could not carry in secret; it was too much for him to bear alone.

There are such things in the lives of sound and sensible men as mysteries and secrets which they cannot keep locked up within their own bosoms and at the same time live in comfort.

If it gives a man rest to tell his griefs and sorrows to a sympathising ear, how much more is the rest and peace which results from the sharing with another one of the fearful mysteries which challenge the utmost exertion of human power to solve.

To Rupert Lionel hesitated not to speak, for he knew that the man would reply, if at all, honestly.

"Good Rupert, we may not have another opportunity for consultation in private before reaching Ravenswald. I see not how we are to avoid spending a night within that castle. You have heard the stories which have reached my ears. I treated them all as the shadows of wild fancy until the stout armourer, Hafennell, assured me that they were not without foundation. I find it hard to believe in ghosts and hobgoblins—in the wandering amid old life-haunts of disembodied spirits—and of warnings and denunciations spoken by those whom we know to have long since passed away. It is said that Ravenswald Castle is haunted by the uneasy vengeful spirits of a score of knights who have, in the years ago, suffered wrong and injustice at the hands of Tancred. Plainly, Rupert, and with my solemn promise that the faith of secrecy shall be kept between us, what do you know of this?"

The old forester assured himself that no eavesdroppers were near, and then, drawing up until the horses were side by side, he said, slowly and solemnly:

"Master Lionel, perhaps I know as much as most men of the matter whereof you speak. The truth cannot have been exaggerated in your hearing. The mysterious doings within the ancient halls and crypts of Ravenswald Castle are beyond human reason to comprehend. I have good and reliable information, and some of the mystic ghost-works are most wonderful."

"I marvel that Tancred should remain there," said Lionel.

"He dares not remove to another habitation," returned Rupert. "He has been warned that his life will be the cost of such removal. I can explain nothing, Lionel; I can only give to you the assurance of those who know whereof they speak. While others must be content with garbled accounts, I have a reliable story from one who cannot be mistaken."

"Is it from a follower of the grand duke?"

Rupert hesitated.

"I do not ask you to betray any secret for

my edification," pursued Lionel; "but you may bear in mind that we are mutually pledged to fraternal regard and circumspection."

"Yes," said the forester, frankly; "I have my information from a follower of the grand duke—from one whom he is forced to trust, and upon whom he depends greatly for guidance—the old knight and brave soldier, Kotzling. But do not forget—it might be as much as his life is worth should it come to his lord's knowledge that he has held familiar conversation with a henchman of Ortenberg."

Lionel promised that he would not forget, and before further remark could be made the horses were put to a brisk canter.

He had heard enough, however, to give him food for busy thought, and the more he considered the words which Rupert had spoken, the deeper and more perplexing were the emotions to which they gave rise.

Not far beyond the southern slope of the hill they reached the vale through which dashed a wild and turbulent river, and beyond, upon a bold rocky eminence, towered aloft the frowning walls of Ravenswald Castle.

For defence the castle could not be surpassed. The mighty rock upon which it stood was situated between two rivers, the streams coming together a short distance east of the outer walls, meeting at an angle of from seventy to eighty degrees.

A bridge over the northerly stream struck the north-east angle of the outer wall of the castle, and the other stream was spanned by a bridge that connected with the south-east angle. But neither of these was the main entrance.

Before the castle, to the eastward, between the two rivers, was a delta, containing an area of several acres, all contained within the outer wall.

A massive bridge afforded passage to the delta, and toward this was thrown out a barbican, with drawbridge and portcullis, and a strong tower.

The two bridges first mentioned were so constructed that, upon the sounding of the signal, they could be quickly rendered utterly impassable by a very few men; while the main entrance was so constructed that an ordinary garrison must be starved out to be conquered, or be betrayed by traitors within: for no army could operate against it.

A mighty castle it was—one of the most spacious and invulnerable in Germany—and many successive barons had given to it the genius and labour that had brought it to its present condition of completeness. Not a moiety of the wondrous handiwork within those massive walls could be seen by a stranger, though he might spend a whole day in unassisted examination.

Architects of marvellous skill had been employed in its planning, and craftsmen with strong and cunning hands had been among the workmen.

The wind had arisen to a tempest; black darkness had shut out the day, relieved only by the vivid flames of electric light that ever and anon streamed athwart the starless vault; the thunder crashed and pealed with terrific voice; and the rain was beginning to beat down in a flood, when the hunting party arrived at the bridge which spanned the river.

A trumpet hung by a brazen chain from a post near the entrance, upon which Jasper blew a loud blast, and shortly afterwards the gate was opened, and the wanderers admitted.

Rupert told their story to the warder, after which Lionel and Kenneth were conducted to one of the smaller halls, where the grand duke waited to know who had demanded the shelter of Ravenswald.

Our hero once, on the way, stopped to put back the strange feeling of unrest and dread that oppressed him.

Why it was he could not divine. No man could say that he lacked courage. As for fear as the term is used in contradistinction from true manly courage, he knew not what it was. And yet he felt a mystic fear of the man he was

about to meet. He told himself that he was very foolish to entertain such an emotion, but the emotion clung to him, nevertheless.

(To be Continued.)

MISPLACED WORDS.

"WHAT a sweet creature!" says enthusiastic Miss Gush, alluding to a pet pony or dog. Now, sweet things are only to be tasted by the taste; therefore the word is misused in this sense. "What a lovely colour!" The word lovely, inspires love; say beautiful. "I had a splendid ride." That is splendid which shines and as a ride does not shine, the application is wrong; say delightful. "What an awful hot day." Awful means full of awe; and a warm day is not that by any means.

So, also, by the words fearful, frightful and terrible; we refer to things that inspire fear, fright and terror; say remarkable, oppressively.

"A magnificent dress," what does not impose by its grandeur cannot be magnificent; say fine, superior, &c.

It requires nice study to speak the English language correctly, and some odd mistakes are made by placing the words in their wrong order. "He saw a lady sewing with a Roman nose." "I saw two men digging a well with straw hats." "Garret Clanson shoots squirrels without spectacles." "A respectable young woman wants washing."

A proprietor of a bone mill advertised that "parties sending their own bones to be ground, will be attended to with fidelity and dispatch." These instances of "ambiguity" are very common.

WASTE AND WANT.

EITHER man must be content with poverty all his life, or else deny himself some luxuries and save to lay the base of independence in the future. But if a man defies the future, and spends all he earns (whether his earnings be one or ten shillings a day) let him look for lean or want at some future time—for it will surely come, no matter what he thinks.

To save is absolutely the only way to get a solid fortune; there is no other certain mode. Those who shut their eyes and ears to these certain facts will be for ever poor, and in their obstinate rejection of truth mayhap will die in rags and filth. Let them so die, and thank themselves. But, no! They take a sort of recompense in anathematising fortune. Great waste of breath. They might as well anathematise the mountains or the eternal hills. For we can tell them fortune does not give away good and substantial goods. She sells it to the highest bidder, to the hardest and wisest worker for the boon.

Men never make so fatal a mistake as when they think themselves creatures of fate; 'tis the surest folly in the world. Every man may make or mar himself, whichever he may choose. Fortune for those who by diligence, honesty, and frugality place themselves in a position to grasp hold of fortune when it appears in view. The best evidence of frugality is the five shillings or more standing in your name at the savings bank. The best evidence of honesty consists in diligence and frugality.

"BEING NEIGHBOURLY."

THE first person that called on us, just after our wedding, was Mrs. Colton. As her husband owned the house we were to live in, as well as that occupied by his own family, and was besides the proprietor of the two finest farms in the vicinity, I felt quite flattered by the attention.

"I always like to be neighbourly," Mrs. Colton said.

When the doctor came home, for I had married a physician, I told him what a pleasant acquaintance I had made.

"Evidently a woman of influence," I said. "It was so kind in her to call at once and especially to promise to be so neighbourly."

My husband of course assented.

A few days after, as I was getting supper, a red-headed, unkempt boy thrust his head in at the kitchen window, and said, in a high tone:

"Ma says, can you lend her some flour for supper and breakfast: company's come, and she hain't got none; and pa's gone out, and won't be back till night."

"And who may your ma be?" I said, wondering at this cool proposal, for in the place in which I had lived until my marriage, we had not been accustomed to such free-and-easy lending and borrowing.

"Mrs. Colton, ma'am."

"Oh!" I replied; and that only.

"And ma says," resumed the shrill voice, "if you could spare it, some butter."

I took my hands from the dough, and proceeded to comply with the request, for I wished to be considered "neighbourly;" but I thought to myself that Mrs. Colton might have sent to the shop for what she wanted, as it was hardly a three minutes' walk distant: it certainly was what I should have done, instead of applying to a person almost a stranger.

Hardly a day passed after this, that the shock-headed boy did not thrust his head into my kitchen door, and ask for the loan of something; and as my husband had to make a practice, and so ought to be popular, I continued to be "neighbourly," and lend whatever was requested.

Now it was eggs, or meal, or a bit of fresh meat, or butter: now it was a book, a magazine, a flat iron, a pattern for a dress, a few cups, or something else.

Of course, I expected the things to be duly returned, or at least, what represented them.

But day after day passed, without meal, or butter, or eggs, being forthcoming; and though the books and magazine came back, the latter was soiled and torn; and as for the flat-iron, it was absolutely rusted from neglect.

"At first, I thought this failure to return 'in kind' the result of forgetfulness; but when the magazine came back, with the fashion plate missing, I could no longer conceal from myself the truth.

Yet I went on, complying, long after I had arrived at this conclusion.

"She can't keep the thing up for ever," said my husband. "Let us lose a little, my dear, rather than give offence. If we get Mrs. Colton's enmity, I shall never be called in there, or to any of her relatives: a country physician, especially in a neighbourhood where he is not yet well known, has to study policy more or less."

But at last Mrs. Colton's "being neighbourly" began to cost so much, that we could no longer afford it.

If a bullock was killed, or a deer shot, she knew of it as soon as ourselves almost; and lo! at the kitchen door appeared the shock of red hair, and I heard the nasal twang.

"Ma wants to know if you can't lend her," etc., etc.

Finally I got distracted.

"I can't, and won't stand this any longer, practice or no practice," I said one day to my husband. "If that woman sends here again, or even comes, I'll have it out with her. If she was poor I wouldn't mind it. She'd be welcome to borrow. But as she's far better off than we are her borrowing is simply meanness."

My husband made no reply, but gave me a quizzical look, for he had learned, by this time, to know that when my mind was made up, I was "dreadful sot," as my old aunt used to say.

A few mornings after this the crisis came. Our meat for the fall and winter had just been brought in to be cured, having been fed and killed at a farmer's a few miles off, and the smoke-house was being got ready by the

farmer's men, when Mrs. Colton made her appearance.

As soon as I heard her open the garden gate. "I seed it aforehand," like Josiah Allen's Wife, "and knowed there'd be a quarrel," for I divined her errand, and at once resolved to settle matters with her, for good and all.

"Mornin', Mrs. Mac," she began. "I seed the boys pass the house, and thought I'd come and larn what's the news down yonder. I hain't heard from Jane" (her sister-in-law, who lived near the farmer) "in quite a spell: her youngest gal was ill, last word I got from her."

"I have had no conversation with the farmer's men," I said, with dignity. "I have been too busy."

Then fearing I had been too brusque, I added, in a more conciliatory tone:

"But I will ask them, as soon as they come in from the smoke-house."

"Well, do. I want to know rale bad. I don't think Jane'll ever raise that gal; she's too likely and peart; onusual smart to her age. Ain't you gittin' in your meat ruther early? Seems to me 'tis."

"I think not. The weather is quite cold already, and the doctor says we'll have an early winter; and it's better to be early than late, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's so in most things. But we ain't ourselves puttin' in our meat yet, and so I guess I'll borrow some from you. My ole man'll kill fore long, and then I can give it back."

"I am sorry to seem disobliging, Mrs. Colton," I said, nerving myself with a great effort, for when it came to the point, it was more difficult to face the enemy than I had supposed, "but we really cannot spare any of the meat; there is only just enough, hardly that, to last us."

"La! now, I'd never have thought you'd refuse me anything; and me always trying to be so neighbourly," cried my visitor.

"To be frank," I answered, for now my blood was up, "I object to borrowing. I never do it myself. What I can't pay for, or earn, I do without."

For one moment Mrs. Colton looked at me as if I had been the "Great Enemy" himself, hoof, horns, and all: then she gave an audible sniff, and turned to her red-headed scion, who had accompanied her.

"Come, son," she cried, "let's go. Folks as talks so big about yearnin' things, and payin' for 'em, won't have much to do it with afore long. They'd better not hold quite such a high head," she continued, darting back on me a Partisan look of defiance and scorn, "or be so onfriendly with naboots, 'specially when they're only a 'pothecary's wife, and poor as Job's turkey, if they is stuck up."

Of course the Coltons never called my husband in.

Of course also they instigated such of their relatives, as had already employed the doctor, to send for his professional rival, when the next case of sickness occurred.

But though this affected our income for a time, it did not ruin us; and when the year was up, for which we had leased our house, we moved to the other side of the village, and ceased "being neighbourly," in any sense, to the Coltons.

"The 'pothecary," as she had called the doctor, did not trouble them.

The change proved a wise one, in other respects also.

Our new neighbours were very different from our old ones, more cultivated, better bred, and really "neighbourly."

They took a liking to us from the first, and my husband soon worked his way, through their influence, into a handsome practice.

We now own the place where we reside, and it is, by general consent, considered one of the handsomest in the town.

Occasionally I meet Mrs. Colton in the village streets; but she is always oblivious of my presence.

Once at a wedding, there was a crowd when we came out, and she was pushed close to me.

I shall never forget the gesture with which she drew away her skirt, as if I carried infection with me.

She was tired, you see, with me at least, of "BEING NEIGHBOURLY." K. M. D.

HER GUIDING STAR;

OR,

LOVE AND TREACHERY.

CHAPTER III.

THE winter had been long and severe, and as the punishment of many acts of "downright presumption," as Mrs. Pope did not scruple to say, with the opening spring Mr. Fairfax was attacked by rheumatism so severely as to call for more attention than he was disposed to pay to himself.

Having resisted all domestic nostrums, Mrs. Pope, with equal confidence, asserted that it could only be cured by change of air, and so insisted upon its necessity that Mr. Fairfax was induced to leave Meremore with Cyril for a short sojourn at Seaview, a somewhat celebrated seaside resort.

On the side of the high hill which overlooked the ocean two houses offered themselves for their accommodation, both sufficiently unpretending, but the lower one more inviting, the hill being very precipitous.

To this they directed their course as a first application, and, finding such a promise of comfort as satisfied them, were content to remain.

Wearied with his journey, Mr. Fairfax soon retired, postponing till the next day an investigation of the place and the persons he might find there.

A beautiful morning called our travellers to an inspection of the place and its attractions. The Esplanade was dotted with visitors, and Mr. Fairfax and Cyril, both quick observers, were speculating on the persons near them when Cyril's attention was attracted by the approach of a bath-chair descending from the upper house.

It was brought quite close to the Esplanade, and its occupant, a boy apparently eleven or twelve years old, cast his eyes from the idlers as if in search of an acquaintance.

Cyril observed that the person who attended him supported him while he raised himself.

This, together with the extreme delicacy of his appearance, awakened his sympathy, and, approaching, contrary to his usual shyness towards strangers, he tried to find some occasion to speak to him.

It soon offered. The little invalid dropped his handkerchief, the servant did not observe it, and Cyril hastened to pick it up and hand it to him.

He received it with a smile, and by the mesmerism of youth a communication was established. The servant drew near, took up the handle of the chair and turned up the hill.

It dragged heavily up the steep ascent, and Cyril, who had followed a few paces, extended a helping hand without speaking.

It was not rejected, and they were soon at the door of the upper house. Here Cyril was about to turn away, but the little fellow said, with a wistful look and friendly tone:

"Don't go!" and Cyril lingered.

Presently a lady appeared on the piazza and descended the steps. Bending over the chair, she kissed the child tenderly, saying in a sweet German voice:

"Guten morgen, mein liebes kind; how came you to desert me thus?"

"Master Ernest wished, ma'am," said the servant, respectfully removing his hat, "to surprise you by showing how early he could be dressed, and how strong he is growing."

"Yes, mamma," said the boy, eagerly. "Thank Heaven!"

And again, with eyes full of love, she bent over him, and again she kissed him.

Cyril turned away, and hastily retraced his steps down the hill.

He could not have very clearly defined his feelings, and he would have stoutly repelled any inquiry into them.

He only knew that never before had he so keenly felt that he had no mother's love.

"Who is that fine-looking youth, Smart?" asked the lady.

The man professed ignorance.

"But, mamma," said Ernest, "we must find out. He is so very good-natured. Do you know that he helped Smart draw me up the hill? It was his own offer, too; no one asked him."

"That was indeed very kind and thoughtful," she replied. "We will ascertain who he is."

Meanwhile, Mr. Fairfax, who had observed Cyril's attention to the sick boy, turned to a gentleman at his side, and inquired who the child was.

The question was addressed to the village doctor, who, having been called professionally to the child on his arrival, was better able than anyone else to answer it.

"He is the son of Mr. Pecham. The father is an Englishman; but, though his wife speaks English perfectly, it is with a foreign accent, which I take to be German. Carriages, horses, and servants show them to be people of fortune, but they are quite unassuming in their manners. She especially; he is one of your 'nelli me tangere' people; but the son is a fine fellow."

"Have they been long here?"

"About three weeks. They came for the health of their child, who, I understand, is the only survivor of four."

"And is he likely to be benefited by the experiment? he is an interesting-looking boy."

"Oh, too handsome! too handsome!" said the doctor, shaking his head. "I never like that complexion; but he is mending, and, with good care, I think they may save him."

"Where do they reside?"

"I believe near London."

In the course of the day there was the same gathering on the Esplanade, and soon the Bath chair and the little boy appeared, accompanied by a lady leaning on the arm of a gentleman, whom Mr. Fairfax rightly inferred to be Mr. and Mrs. Pecham.

The relationship between her and Ernest would have been suggested by their strong mutual resemblance, except that, with the same clear blue eye, delicately-cut features, and profusion of silky light-brown hair, her complexion, though fair, had not the fatal transparency through which that fate is seen which so often attends those who seem like victims decked for sacrifice.

Her sweet face and courteous manner were a passport to all hearts. Mr. Pecham, on the contrary, invited no approach.

A fine person and gentlemanly deportment made an immediate impression, but, beyond what politeness required, he encouraged no intercourse.

Ernest's eye eagerly sought Cyril, whom having found, he pointed out to Mrs. Pecham, saying:

"Do, mamma, speak to him."

She was on the point of advancing towards him, when her husband, perceiving her intention, restrained her, though very gently, and said:

"Smart, go to the young man and request him to do Master Ernest the favour to come here."

The message was delivered and obeyed. Ernest greeted Cyril with a smile, and Mrs. Pecham, kindly extending her hand, said: "I am happy that my son has formed such an acquaintance, but, that I also may share his pleasure, will you have the goodness to give me your name?"

Cyril felt as if he could give her his heart.

"Cyril Ashleigh, ma'am."

"What a nice name!" exclaimed Ernest, ready to admire whatever belonged to his new friend.

"Papa, this is Cyril Ashleigh."

Mr. Pecham, whose attention had been otherwise directed, turned rather suddenly at hearing himself thus addressed, looked inquiringly at the youth, then politely but coldly offered his hand, but said nothing.

"And I," said Ernest, "am Ernest Pecham; now we know each other, don't we?" And so it seemed, notwithstanding that a few hours previously they had been ignorant of each other's existence. Precious immunity of young hearts!

Henceforth Cyril's time was divided between attendance on Mr. Fairfax and Ernest; and as the improvement in the former soon began to justify Mrs. Pope's recommendation, Cyril was more at leisure to devote himself to the latter. His gentle ways; his hand always in the right place in moving, lifting, and adjusting Ernest; that instinct by which even children often know how to adapt themselves to the suffering, rendered his services more acceptable than Smart's, and Cyril, in no long time, became his most reliable attendant.

Then his companionship was so amusing! He had so many things to tell of his wild wood-life, of his forest sports, that, in listening, Ernest's body grew stronger as his spirit became lighter.

Though difference in years under other circumstances would have kept them asunder, it now served only to unite them by a sense of usefulness on one side, of reliance on the other. In addition to this, Ernest's delicate health had confined him so much to the society of those older than himself, that he was sufficiently matured to value the superior attainments of Cyril.

A fortnight had thus passed, during which the intimacy of the boys had drawn Mr. Fairfax and the Pechams together.

Between himself and the lady a friendly, almost familiar intercourse was established.

He, as an invalid, excited her interest, and by attentions to him as such, she endeavoured to repay the really important services that Cyril was rendering to her son.

Then he had seen her country in his younger days; he understood its language and admired its literature.

He loved its music and its poetry; could sympathise with Klopstock's love for his "Meta," and comprehend and pity, if he could not justify, the "Sorrows of Werter."

Cyril, who had never seen his guardian in society so stimulating, listened, and wondered at the new phase under which he appeared.

In Mr. Pecham Mr. Grafton had scarcely less interest than in his wife, but it was a very different character.

He was to him a study, and a painful one.

"His is not a handsome face," thought he one day when he had been long speculating on it; "no, not what is commonly so called, and yet, from its variety and power, it rivets my attention beyond any I ever saw. Sometimes harsh almost to severity, then tender almost to sadness; never cheerful, yet occasionally bright with a gaiety that seems to play but on the surface, and reminds one of sunshine upon ice—light without warmth. A man, I should say, of quick sensibilities—of strong impulses rather than stern resolve—and yet sometimes he looks as if he could dare death in the pursuit of a purpose; yes, dare, perhaps, but not endure. His manner is as uncertain as his face—always polite, though often cold to repulsiveness, he will yet suddenly surprise with a cordiality that embarrasses by its strangeness."

That Mr. Fairfax, on his part, should impress his new acquaintances favourably was to be expected.

Gentleman was so indelibly stamped upon him that the most suspicious and exacting could not distrust his claim to be thus considered, while the intellectual and spiritual character of his face spoke to whatever was high and holy in those with whom he held communication.

Simple as a child in his manners—reserved from modesty, not pride—there was no artificial barrier to the fountain within.

He was no egotist; he could not speak of himself or his interests; but though he did not

offer his own heart to the inspection of others, he never withheld from them his sympathy.

While Mr. Fairfax found matter for reflection in his new acquaintances, Cyril was not less observant.

Alternately attracted and repelled by Mr. Pecham—hardly knowing whether or not he liked him—he was yet conscious of an uneasy interest attaching to whatever he said or did.

On the other hand, Mrs. Pecham inspired him with emotions as delightful as new.

Her beauty, her manner, invested every ordinary action with a charm.

But when she caressingly leaned over her son, when she laid her soft fair hand on his head, or turned his light curls over his fingers, a strange undefined feeling of desolateness would come over him, while he gazed with such sad admiring eyes as on one occasion caught the attention of Mr. Pecham, and Cyril felt a rough rap on his shoulder.

Looking up, he saw that gentleman regarding him with a smile unusually writhful.

"Take care, young sir," exclaimed he, "you must not fall in love with my wife."

"I don't know what you mean, sir," replied Cyril, in all simplicity.

Again Mr. Pecham smiled.

"Oh, I am not at all jealous, I assure you—rather pleased with your involuntary homage; but"—shaking his head—"I see there is a very soft place in your heart, my boy. I hope you may not some day find it out to your cost."

CHAPTER IV.

THE health of Ernest rapidly improved; the pure, bracing air probably the chief agent in his recovery.

The symptoms that had filled his parents with apprehensions of spinal disease had nearly disappeared, and the doctor could honestly assure them that he was thus far safe.

He now sat up without support, and moved about with only the assistance of an arm, or a cane; but Cyril, even more necessary to him as a companion, still passed part of every day at the upper house.

One morning when he and Mr. Fairfax had, as usual, joined their friends on the piazza, where Mrs. Pecham was seated at her tambour-frame, and her husband, after a short conversation, turned again to his newspaper, Cyril found a place at a table, where, among other things scattered on it, lay a large open book richly illustrated, over which Ernest was poring.

"Oh," said he, "I am so glad you've come. Here is something that mamma packed up for my entertainment, that I have been so wishing to show you, but it has not been taken out till to-day. It is full of the queerest things; just look."

It was a work on Heraldry, and Cyril was as eager to see as Ernest to exhibit.

"This is the very thing," said he. "It will explain what I have read of; but you must help me to understand it."

Delighted to be able to teach Cyril anything, Ernest poured forth his little store, accompanied with a modest disclaimer.

"Indeed I don't know much about it myself, as I have only looked it over once with mamma; but we will help each other."

They were soon deep in the book with its quaint and antiquated Norman terms, which, Ernest, with an amusing complacency, repeated for the instruction of Cyril.

"Field ordinaries and charges, chief, fess, and base; bends and cheveron. Party my coupé, and coupé my party. Parti per chief, per fess, and per bend; or, argent, gules, vert, pellets, bezants, torteaux, ermine, and vair." Lions in every fantastic attitude; stags' and bulls' heads cabossed; leopards, eagles, dolphins; battle-axes, spears, and daggers; helmets, crests, devices, and lambrequins; gauntlets and greaves; crosses in every conceivable variety; roses and fleurs-de-lis; cups, baldricks, and horns, &c.

"And are all these strange things significant?" asked Cyril.

"To be sure," answered Ernest, with the confidence of an amateur; "at least they were so once. Perhaps they make coats of arms now to suit people's fancy, and crowd every sort of thing into them, for the book says the most simple are the most ancient. Here now is one, parti per pale, argent and gules—nothing more—that means divided perpendicularly, one half white, the other red, and it belongs to one of the oldest families. Mamma says this is as it should be; for the best-born persons are the least ostentatious."

They continued to turn over the leaves quietly, till Ernest exclaimed:

"Ah, here is something would suit me nicely. See! 'Falcon close,' confined to its perch, and 'Falcon rising,' with wings just beginning to spread themselves—not yet fairly off—I'd take that if I had to choose. I am leaving my perch; by-and-bye I'll fly!"

"And what does this queer little dumpy bird mean?"

"'Dumpy bird!'" repeated Ernest; "why, that's a martlet, and never has any feet, because it was given to younger sons, who had no land to stand on."

"Oh, then, that would do for me," said Cyril.

"And why for you? You have no older brothers, have you?"

"No, nor land neither; I am 'Cyril the penniless.'"

"Well, they say I am to have plenty of land, but I would give it all for a brother. Ah! here is one would suit mamma, 'a pelican wounding herself to feed her young;' that is just what she would do."

Mr. Fairfax, seated by Mrs. Pecham, had engaged her in conversation, but it flagged as her ear caught the sound from Ernest's table; and, as he uttered the last words, he observed a sigh to escape her, and her moistened eye turned to her son.

"Ah, ha!" continued Ernest, with emphasis, and in a higher key, "here is something we haven't got, and we don't want—do we?"

Then, lowering his voice, he whispered to Cyril an explanation, who replied by a nod of intelligence.

Ernest's louder tone had roused his father, who, catching his last words, laid down his paper, and said:

"Pray what is that, my boy, which you neither have nor want? I am glad you are so reasonable. We generally desire most what we have not; what is it?"

Ernest looked a little foolish; his father repeated the question, and replied:

"A 'bar sinister,' papa."

A cloud came over Mr. Pecham's face, and in a manner almost fierce, he said:

"Who has dared to put such ideas into your head? Has Smart presumed to instruct you? or—"

"Dear papa," said Ernest, "Smart does not understand heraldry, you know."

"Who, then," repeated his father in the same tone, "has given you this superfluous information, filling your mind with—"

Mrs. Pecham had risen from her frame and approached her husband, and now, putting her hand gently on his shoulder, said:

"If there can be a fault in a matter so trifling, it is mine. Ernest asked me for an explanation, which I gave. I always tell him the truth."

Her voice, her touch, were enough. Subdued at once, he took her hand, raised it to his lips, and said:

"You are always right; I am always wrong."

"Not so, dear Herbert. But if sometimes wrong, as we all are—always generous and ready to atone, which all are not."

He replied only by repeating the word "atone" in a low voice, and then resumed his paper.

Mrs. Pecham, without apology or explanation, or apparent consciousness that such might be required, returned quietly to her work, and the boys tried to busy themselves in their book.

But the harmony of the morning was not to

be restored, and, as soon as could be done without betraying the reason, Mr. Fairfax reminded Cyril of the hour, and they withdrew.

As they ascended the hill Cyril said:

"Mr. Pecham is a strange person. Do you not think, sir, that he is a little insane? His coachman, I understand, says (for Smart is more guarded) that he sometimes keeps his room, where no one, not even his wife, goes near him. And then he is so uncertain. At times he makes me feel as if I could do anything for him, and then again he is so strange that it seems as if his mind could not be sound."

"No, I do not think so. He is rather the spoiled child of fortune, and having been disappointed, or perhaps ill-treated, his nerves are out of tune. I am glad to be assured by his devotion to his wife and child that there is no domestic unhappiness. If we referred all human inconsistencies, Cyril, to insanity, we should make the world a 'maison de fous.'"

Yet, notwithstanding this interpretation, Mr. Fairfax did not wholly reject Cyril's suggestion, which tended to increase his interest in the family, and his regret for departure, which, as he was now quite restored, was to take place in a few days.

The next morning, as Ernest was sitting by his mother, he said:

"I want you to ask papa to do me a great favour."

"Why not ask him yourself, my son?"

"Because he never refuses you anything."

"Nor you, Ernest, if it be proper."

"Well, this is proper; and yet I am afraid. I know papa loves me—but—sometimes—he speaks so—"

"Your father has much to trouble him, and we all have our faults, Ernest. We must love our friends with them, since we cannot have them without."

"You have none, mamma."

Mrs. Pecham would have checked him, but he proceeded.

"No, no, you have no faults! You are kind to everybody, and Smart says all the poor people say you are an angel."

"Oh, my child, it is easy to earn such commendations from those who are starving. A full meal, fuel, and a little money will lend wings to any common mortal."

"Perhaps so; but their wings drop off when they come to the light, like the man's who went too near the sun; but yours only look brighter."

"Stop, stop, little flatterer! and tell me what is the great favour you are wanting."

"It is that papa would invite Cyril to go home with us—only for a visit, I mean."

Mrs. Pecham hesitated, and looked rather doubtful; then said:

"Your father is not fond of having strangers."

"But Cyril is not now a stranger."

"No—well, I will do what I can for you, unless you will ask yourself—that is best, believe me. Your father never refused you a reasonable gratification."

A few days after, Mr. Fairfax and Cyril called to take leave, and the visit, which all seemed equally unwilling to terminate, being ended with an exchange of regrets and good wishes, Mr. Pecham said, as they rose to go:

"We will, if you please, leave the boys here a few moments, while you indulge me with a walk on the piazza."

"I have," he continued, when they were alone, "a request to prefer in behalf of Ernest, but one in which Mrs. Pecham and myself take part. We wish you to allow Cyril to remain here, and to return with us to our home. We shall be grateful for as long a visit from him as you can consent to."

"You are all very good," replied Mr. Fairfax, somewhat embarrassed by the unexpected proposal, "so good that I grieve to say no. But I cannot at present part with him. The conditions of my guardianship are rigid, and I must conform to them."

Mr. Pecham looked disappointed.

"Were you like some men I might urge you,"

he said; "but I am so well assured of your desire to give happiness that I am satisfied you decline to do so only for sufficient reasons. But if not now, some other time; and one word more: your nephew has interested us not only by his kind attentions to our son, but by his uncommon gifts. Have you decided on his future? Can he obtain in your retired situation the advantages to which he is entitled?"

"Not all I could wish, of course, but more, perhaps, than you suppose. He is now advanced in his studies. His mind is more than usually impressible, and gathers from books and from every external object with no other stimulant than its own energy. As to the future, that does not depend on me; I have little fear, however, but that he will make a way to usefulness, and that is the best distinction."

Mr. Pecham looked as if he wished, yet did not know how, to proceed. At length he said:

"I will not farther press this matter at present, but if at any time money should be necessary, call on me. Here is my address. Pardon me if I am impertinent."

"My dear sir, you are only generous beyond all claim, and I ought therefore to be frank with you, though little disposed to speak of my own affairs. Should his resources be inadequate, I have enough for him and myself. I will only beg you to preserve for us your good-will and remembrance."

At an early hour the next day, after another farewell to Ernest, who had insisted on being at their lodgings for the purpose, Mr. Fairfax and Cyril were on their way homeward.

The morning was exquisite; and Mr. Fairfax, renovated in health, gratified with the acquaintance they had made, from which he hoped some future good to his ward, and well pleased to return to his quiet home, cast a cheerful glance around him, and Cyril endeavoured to shake off regretful feelings.

Considering it due to Mr. Pecham, Mr. Fairfax communicated his kind invitation.

"May I ask what you said, sir?"

"I had only to tell the truth, and confess myself not at liberty to consent. Would you like to go?"

"Yes, sir; but you know best, I daresay."

Still Cyril did not look satisfied. After a silence of some time, and divers unconscious applications of his whip, which, considering his horses were doing their best up a long hill, probably seemed to them quite unnecessary, he said:

"I should like to ask you a question, sir."

"As many as you please, Cyril."

"Then why did you say you were 'not at liberty to consent?' You, only, have the control of my actions."

"Oh, well, perhaps I did not use to Mr. Pecham just that form of expression."

"But you do to me, sir; and it is why you use it at all that I wish to know."

"You are critical, Cyril," said Mr. Fairfax, with a smile. "Do we not often so express inability? We regret that we have not the power to do a thing, which is just the same."

"Perhaps so, sir; but when you have sometimes refused a request of mine, you may have said you could not comply, but it was never in a way to imply that you could not if you chose to do so."

"Guardians are often restricted in certain particulars. Be assured that I shall never interpret my limits too rigidly. For the present we will say no more about it."

But it was not so easy to repress in Cyril's mind the train of thought that had been suggested.

(To be Continued.)

HER MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to bestow the "two sets" of apartments in Hampton Court Palace, vacant by the deaths of Lady Hamilton Chichester and Lady Jane Hilyard, on Mrs. Goodenough and the Misses Cuppage.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

If people would only abstain from interfering in things with which they have no concern, and which an unjustifiable interest, arising from a prurient disposition of petty curiosity, prompts, how smoothly affairs would proceed in families and society, and how much mischief might be avoided and vexation spared! The happiness and tranquility of life depends upon trifles, and by such is much misery and disquietude caused.

A prying spirit only administers to its own uneasiness, and those who are on the watch for causes of offence, find, that one day or another, they come home to them in an accumulating wave, like the Dutchman, centuries ago, who cut open a dyke to injure a neighbour, and drowned himself, and laid two provinces under water. Great events spring from little causes, and matters, unimportant in themselves, have a direful effect in connection with others.

It is always best to look upon the shining aspect of things, and not worry one's self in torturing every look, gesture, and expression into a preconceived notion, and converting an imaginary grievance into a real trouble. There is an unhappy fancy in some people to parade themselves as injured and long-suffering individuals; as patient martyrs, and ostentatious victims of the neglect and indifference of others.

This proceeds from obstinacy, pride, and an ill-temper and querulous temperament, of which they are not conscious. They fancy that they are a personification of amiability, and while the world is ringing with praises of their exemplary resignation, they little think that they have occasioned themselves the very sorrows of which they complain, and that, had they known how to practice the great maxim, "bear and forbear," the force of the self-tormentor would have wanted a prominent illustration.

HER BRAVE RESOLVE.

SHE knew very well that she had been married for her money, yet she had felt quite certain that if she could once be Gordon Allingham's wife she could fascinate him.

Other men had knelt at her shrine, and there was more than one sad heart on her wedding-day.

Richer men had wooed her; men as elegant and accomplished had sued for her hand. Why then did she marry him, do you ask?

When Clara Moore was nineteen she met Allingham at a fashionable summer resort. He was six or seven and twenty, handsome as a Greek god, and dangerously fascinating.

He had the peculiar faculty of leading women on to believe that he could be captivated by this particular one, where all others had failed.

He never went so far as to commit himself, but when one woman fell out of the ranks another stepped in.

He had been quite spoiled by flattery and adulation, but he was an immense favourite with society.

Miss Moore was quite new to the world. Her mother had died in infancy, and her grandmother, who lived in a very secluded manner, had taken charge of her, and kept her rather strictly with an old-fashioned governess. Mrs. Ransome had died when Clara was seventeen, and there had been a year of settling up business, wearing mourning and finishing her studies.

Then James Moore had brought his daughter to the town, installed her as mistress of a handsome house, with a very stylish woman as companion and housekeeper.

It was such a great change to Clara. At first it seemed like masquerading.

She was afraid of these women in satin and velvets and diamonds, though for that matter the Ransome diamonds were as handsome as any.

James Moore was one of the new successful men, raised in an era of speculation. Now he had come up to the topmost wave.

Everything he took hold of worked as if by magic, though it was due to a shrewdness and far sight on his part, yet his friends always spoke of him as such a lucky fellow. To be associated with him in any scheme was promise of a fortune.

Miss Moore, with the prestige of a double fortune, was much sought after.

It happened right in the beginning of her reign that she met Mr. Allingham, and, what was most unfortunate for her, fancied that he loved her, and gave him her pure, innocent girl heart.

No one warned her.

Many a woman was filled with rage and envy.

But autumn came and winter passed, and Gordon Allingham was disporting in pastures new.

It was a very bitter lesson. But for grandmother Ransome's training she would not have had the strength to pass such an ordeal successfully.

She queened it very royally for the next three years.

Honestly and faithfully did she try to love some of the loyal hearts who sued to her during that period, but in vain.

And then fate threw Gordon Allingham in her way again.

The Allinghams were proud of their blue blood and their standing in the world. For two hundred years they could go back, and behind that were heroes and royalty.

But Mr. Allingham, being distanced so far by the parvenues of the new school, tried his hand at speculation, and blundered.

There came a day when a word from James Moore would have swept the whole family off their footing and consigned them to oblivion. One thing could save them.

It was strange how they hated to go down. Father, mother and two sisters, who had moved in luxury all their lives.

And Gordon, who had done nothing but spend money.

He was a tolerable musician, he had painted a little for gifts, and he had designed a series of engravings that had made the first step in a friend's fortune.

No woman could have had a greater horror of poverty.

He sauntered down to the Moores that evening.

There was a little drizzle of rain, and he shivered as he stepped out of the unaristocratic tram-car.

True, it was but a step to the elegant Moore mansion, where all was light and warmth and perfume.

She was very beautiful and well-bred. She had been very near to loving him. What if he tried a little to bring her back?

He made himself extremely agreeable, and was still in the drawing-room when Mr. Moore entered.

"Clara," said her father, afterward, "if you were not the queerest and most independent, beside the most unworldly of girls, I should warn you. The Allinghams are on the brink of ruin. Do you care anything for that young fellow? He is quite gone with you, I should think."

Clara blushed.

She felt the warm blood in her face, and was surprised.

"If I did—" a little hesitatingly.

"Oh, see here, Clara," said her father, in his off-hand way, "tell me honestly if there is anything like that. You could afford to marry a poor man, but to my thinking you'd be foolish to do it. But if I fancied you had any such idea in view, I wouldn't put on the screw quite so soon. The old gentleman owes me nearly all he is worth, and though the young man did have a fortune of his own, I fancy it's about spent."

"Wait," she said, with a gasp. "Don't hurry them—don't."

"Very well."

During the next fortnight she had several opportunities of assuring herself that Gordon Allingham was in earnest.

He treated her with a peculiar deference and respect, and if she did not encourage, neither did she decline his attentions.

He was the only man she had found to love so far, and if he did ask her, why should she punish herself by a refusal, merely to gratify pride? And then in her simply sweet way she thought she should like to do something for him.

So he asked her presently, and she accepted. Yet he had the grace to say:

"Miss Moore, I don't know that I have any right to ask this much of any woman. I am a poor man, and have only my position and my hitherto unstained character. At least, I have been an honourable man"—and he paused there, flushing deeply.

Would this girl's clear eyes call that honour which stooped just short of crime?

She was very foolish, of course. But she loved him, and it seemed as if she must win some love in return when she had saved him from a distasteful life.

She could understand so well his shrinking from poverty.

A suitable marriage the world said over the satin and diamonds.

He had family, and though on her mother's side she was well connected, James Moore was certainly a parvenu.

Mr. Allingham joined Mr. Moore in a new scheme which was very successful.

He extricated himself from debt; then his eldest daughter married advantageously, and the younger accompanied her abroad, where she was presently settled.

Clara and her husband were really a model couple.

He gave up flirting; attractive he would always be.

Instead of loitering so much in women's drawing-rooms, he was oftener found in the society of men. For a few months he painted in real earnest.

So they kept a handsome and expensive house, entertained elegantly, travelled, and Clara grew really weary of enjoyment. Was there nothing to life but this?

No wonder women's faces came to have a bored, dissatisfied, fretful look.

She had tried rather timidly at first to win her husband's love, but she dreaded his light satire, his—was it disbelief in any tender sentiment?

Four years of this living sped on its uneventful way, when James Moore died suddenly. Already there had begun an ominous undercurrent of shrinkage and depression. Stocks and bonds were fluctuating. When Mr. Moore's affairs were looked into his executors were astonished.

The great man stood on the verge of ruin. His pet railroads were under the auctioneer's hammer; his embryo cities were likely to be waste places for years to come.

The funds that had been placed in his hands for safe keeping were gone.

Clara's sense of honour did not desert her in the trial hour.

No man or woman should say that James Moore had taken the little saved up for sickness or old age, and wildly squandered it. Every just debt was paid, but Clara was many thousands poorer.

They must give up their elegant home.

She looked the matter squarely in the face. Gordon Allingham had not meant to marry a poor woman.

She had chosen to pay her father's debts, therefore she ought to suffer, not Gordon.

Among her many accomplishments was that of very thorough musical training and a most exquisite voice.

"If you should ever be reduced to poverty," a queen of song had said to her, "you could make a fortune on the stage."

While she had no special desire or ambition for fame, she had no shrinking from publicity. And then she was very tired of this aimless life,

that in comparative poverty would be tenfold more burdensome.

So she resolved to go abroad, to assume a name and try her fortune.

Old Mr. Allingham had profited by his one lesson in speculation, and kept himself free from business entanglements.

He was living in a rather retired but quite delightful manner.

Gordon could go back to his old home and be made welcome.

She would not overwhelm him with favours, but divide the income that was left; her part would be sufficient for her simple wants.

Gordon had stood a little aloof all this time.

A faint glimmer of shame stole through his soul.

He had never been worthy of this woman—could he make himself so by any striving. Could he bring himself up to any height? How mean and barren all these years looked! What if he should go to her and beg her to begin a new life with him, he taking a man's place manfully instead of being a mere butterfly of society.

Or ought he to go away entirely, and leave her to the undisputed possession of what was left.

Before he could decide her plans had all been laid.

Her jewels, clothes, and a few articles very dear to her, were packed and boxed, some furniture was marked to be sent back to the old Ransome homestead that was left to her and her children, or failing in heirs, it was to revert to some distant cousin.

Everything was made ready for her departure in the quietest manner.

She had written a letter of explanations which she meant to put on his table at the last moment.

"Clara," he said, just after breakfast, "do you remember that we promised to go to the Bereton's birthday feast to-day. I was to overlook the decorations a little, you know. Could I come in for you—say about three. There is a train, I think. The thing would be an awful bore if Mrs. Bereton did not possess such an exquisite taste. Perhaps, too, she flatters your servant," and he gave a little forced laugh.

"I don't remember that I promised to go," she returned, gravely. "However, I will write a note of regrets, for I have another engagement. And I daresay it will be very delightful."

"Would you rather that I did not go, Clara?" and he studied her curiously. "Mrs. Bereton is one of those rare souls to whom altered circumstances would make no difference. We might retire to a one-story cottage, and she would find us out and treat us as cordially as if we were still millionaires."

"I am not out of mourning, you know," she replied, gently. "But you ought to go. Mrs. Bereton is too choice a friend to be neglected."

Her heart gave a great throb. How was she to get away alone she had hardly thought, but a special providence had arranged for her.

"Good-bye," he said, presently, when he was ready to go. "I do not suppose I shall be back until to-morrow morning."

She kissed him, and so they parted.

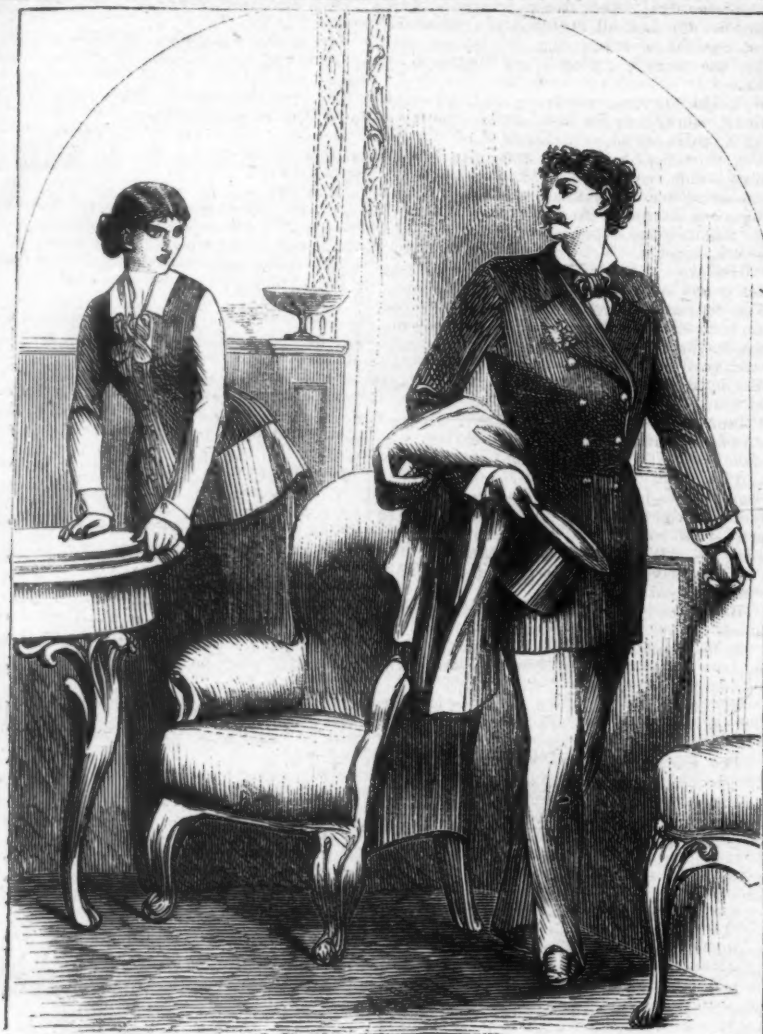
At twelve she went down to the steamer, one of the French lines for Havre, accompanied by her seamstress, who had petitioned for the post of lady's maid.

She was not seasick, and the passage proved a most delightful one.

But the utter loneliness, the little delicate attentions that had been hers so long, and were now so suddenly missed, the absence of any familiar face or voice, weighed upon her spirits in a to her unaccountable manner.

Was she regretting the man who had won her girlhood's heart, but who had never himself been won?

I think she did unconsciously. Arrived at Berlin, she found an old musician who had once been her teacher, but who on the receipt of a small fortune had returned to his native land,



[DIVIDED HEARTS.]

and indulged his passion for composing, somewhat successfully now that the absolute need of money was at an end.

To Herr Lehman she presented herself, and told him all of her story that needed to be known.

The death of her father, the loss of her fortune, and her desire to earn enough to secure her against want in case of sickness or when old age overtook her.

Herr Lehman was astounded, and, after he had listened to her voice, surprised, delighted. It would be necessary to go through a course of opera training, but already she would be able to sing at concerts.

It would be best perhaps to work her way up; she would feel more assured, and her hold on the public would be firmer.

He took great pride in introducing her to some professional brethren, and she was soon hard at work.

She had resolved upon taking her grandmother's maiden name, Garnier.

Madame Garnier and her companion settled themselves in quiet lodgings, and while Clara practised and sang, Bessy Leigh did their light housework, sewed, and attended madame to and from her lessons.

Bessy took up French and Italian to please her mistress, who was already a proficient in both.

She had been in Berlin only a few months when an opportunity of testing her powers in public came to her.

If she had failed, she would no doubt have been bitterly disappointed, yet she had counted on no wonderful success.

Strangely enough, the sound of her own voice rising in impassioned melody became a source of inspiration.

Subtle, forceful, leaping up like pure flame, not cold, and yet so strangely rare that it moved her audience, lifted them to her own high atmosphere, stole into their hearts and left a lingering memory.

"Such a splendid success!" declared Lehman, rubbing his slender white hands. "Twice have I been besieged this morning for introductions to madame. Her way is now clear for engagements, if she so wills."

She found that it was so. For the next six months she was busy enough. And in the ensuing autumn she made her debut in opera at Vienna, and became a favourite, if not a queen. At midwinter she was to go to St. Petersburg.

Bessy Leigh meanwhile received an offer of marriage too good to be refused, and as Madame Garnier's engagements increased, she was very glad to take Emil Chatrion for her business manager.

A pretty young Frenchwoman replaced Bessy in the more active duties, but not in the friendship.

Now and then Clara heard bits of English news, but oddly enough nothing concerning Gordon Allingham.

Once indeed, at Munich, she had come almost

face to face with the Beretons, but Mrs. Bereton did not know her well enough to think of connecting Mrs. Allingham with a singer who might easily enough be a foreigner. As Clara Allingham she had never sung before Mrs. Bereton.

Yet it recalled a host of old memories. Where was Gordon Allingham?

A man of any spirit would have searched the world over to be avenged on a woman for so deliberate an insult. But her hero had not even that poor pride.

Was Gordon Allingham so lost to all honour and manliness?

He had not come home from the birthday fête until the following noon. It had been very enjoyable; then, too, he had been so used to seeking his own pleasures and sunning himself in promiscuous smiles, that during the evening Clara had scarcely entered his mind save as someone had spoken of her.

But as he neared home the thought of her kiss stung him into a latent feeling of remorse, and the resolve of the last few weeks rushed over him, gaining new strength instead of dying out.

If he could only talk frankly to Clara, but she always seemed so distant, with all her kindness and wifely deference.

He let himself in with his latch-key, and walked leisurely upstairs. Some letters lay on the table.

He tossed them carelessly about. Why—what was this from Clara? He tore it open hastily; it was a closely-written sheet beginning with a farewell.

He dropped into a chair and read eagerly, but with a chill at every word. Frankly did she admit that she had idolised him; that at their marriage she had been proud to have it in her power to give him something beside her hand and love.

But the wealth had been swept away, and poverty with any woman would not be endurable for him.

For herself she did not dread it. She was tired of the hollow, artificial, aimless life. She had nothing more to lose, and the step she had decided upon taking could not make life any more barren.

He would find business affairs arranged to the best of her ability. If she had chosen to make herself poor paying her father's debts, he should not suffer greatly.

There was a comfortable income left for him. The only favour she asked was that he would take no steps to find her. It would be quite impossible, and might give rise to unpleasant gossip.

He could explain that she had gone abroad for a year or two.

The articles she designated were to be sent to the Ransome farm; the rest of the furniture disposed of as he saw fit.

The house, as he was well aware, was to pass into the hands of creditors some two months hence.

While he did not hear from her he might know that she was well and in no want, and in case of death he should be informed.

"Or if my plans fail utterly, and through any misfortune I should be reduced to want, or find myself ill and friendless, you shall know that also. I think I can at least count on a friend's kindly regard from you," she added, just at the last.

Gordon Allingham sat still for many minutes, utterly astounded.

"This is why she kissed me," he said, softly, "why she wanted me to go. I wonder what would have happened if I had not gone? I think she is right. I have been a paltry coward. Having taken her gold, I ought to have given her what she desired; at least I should have tried. But she should have sent me away, not gone herself."

He found her list of directions in the drawer she had mentioned. It was all complete. The servants had already received notice, and were hardly surprised at the announcement

that Mrs. Allingham had left the town house, not to return.

They took it that she had gone to Ransome Place, and he was very willing they should. The furniture was packed and forwarded. Then he went for a week himself. Ransome Place had always struck him as rather gloomy.

Two old people, husband and wife, had been left in charge, and to them the comfort of two or three rooms was all-sufficient.

"When she does return, she will come here," and Gordon Allingham seemed to solve the mystery of her going abroad at first. "She shall find it a home when she comes back. I can do that much for her. It would be folly to search for her, and keep her worried all the time, and surely I have not proved myself of so much importance to her that she will miss me or care," and he sighed drearily.

To his parents he admitted that Clara had gone on the Continent. Her seclusion roused a little comment, but it was only a nine-days' wonder.

The indifference, the polite heartlessness, amazed Gordon Allingham even with all his experience.

True, society women paid him the delicate homage of sympathy, but it had turned bitter to his taste.

He went at his work in good earnest.

His leisure he spent at Ransome Place, and began with his first series of experiments. Early and late he toiled, and at first with a certain distaste, a wild longing now and then for the old luxurious, indolent life.

The income she had left at her banker's lay untouched. Not a penny would he have that he did not honestly earn.

But when two years passed, and there was no word of Clara, a peculiar anxiety began to pervade his mind.

At this period his father died quite suddenly, and his mother was much enfeebled by the shock.

He took her to the south of France, where her younger daughter resided, and then he indulged himself in a little ramble, though he would not admit even to himself that it was a search for Clara.

And when he returned home alone, in answer to all inquiries he quietly said that Mrs. Allingham was still abroad.

Where was she? It haunted him sleeping and waking. Not suffering, surely, not friendless, for he felt in that case she could and would return to Ransome Place. But she did not need him, never would again. To be cast utterly out of her life. It stung with a peculiar bitterness.

If they had quarrelled, or disagreed in the small particulars of daily life, and discussed a possible separation; but when she had failed in winning his love, and had the power of providing for his luxurious tastes taken out of her hands—those had been her passionless words—she was no longer needed; he would be better satisfied to go his way alone.

Was it because she was taken out of his reach? Was the regard that he knew he never could awaken so much more precious then than when he had only to reach out and take?

He went back to his work with redoubled perseverance. One of his old admirers, now married to a millionaire, took him up and gave him a certain fashionable popularity.

People in high circles were running wild about artistic designs for interior ornamentation. He had given his subject considerable study, and he was born with exquisite taste and refinement.

He saw in this an opportunity to make money rapidly, and accepted it, charging such prices as would prove remunerative, using his leisure for the Art that was after all his ideal passion, even if he never achieved fame.

He would make a fortune for her. She should learn some time that he had grown into something better than the frivolous trifler she had married.

Ransome Place was adorned within as well. The rooms were repainted, altered here and there a trifle, and refurnished.

A sitting-room and library upstairs that looked so like her, all the delicate colours she loved, the choice books that had been stowed away, the many gifts of youth and happier times.

He could fancy her returning solitary, weary with her journeys or her isolation, and finding a welcome there on the very threshold.

Day after day he dreamed of it. An intense longing took possession of him presently, a desire to see her, and yet she came not.

Late one afternoon, the only time he was sure to be found in his studio, an old friend dropped in—Mrs. Bereton.

"Give me credit for a deal of charity," she cried, gaily. "You have taken not the slightest notice of cards or invitations, and though you deserve to be given up and left to your own devices, I cannot do it. Surely our old friendship is worthy of better treatment."

He looked both surprised and confused at first.

"Truth to tell," he began, "I have dropped out of society and become a hard-working man. I have so little time for the pleasures of social life."

"Oh, I have heard of your industry on every hand. Do you know I am absolutely curious to learn—what roused you," and she smiled admiringly. "When is Mrs. Allingham to return, so that we may be allowed a peep in those halls of enchantment?"

"Her return is uncertain as yet," he forced himself to say, quite calmly.

"Is her health restored? I think I heard someone say it was her health"—and Mrs. Bereton paused suddenly.

"She was quite well," he could say that, relying on her promise. "But there were great changes with her—with us."

"The losses, I suppose you mean. Gordon Allingham, are you foolish enough to think wealth is all? Mrs. Allingham would be the same in serge or satin. But I was resolved that you should not so easily drop an old friend out of your list. Let me see—shall I give you an order for a portrait? Oh, what have you here?"

Allingham would fain have turned the picture to the wall, but it was too late. A slight flush mounted to his brow, but he strove to appear indifferent.

"Mrs. Allingham, is it not? Oh, you may swear me to secrecy, if you like, as I see by your face that this is forbidden ground. It is beautiful, but sad, it seems to me. Every line is that of nobility. I have often wished we had been dearer friends, and when she returns I hope circumstances may favour me. Are you painting from remembrance?"

"Not exactly. I gathered up some old portraits."

"Somewhere I have seen a face so much like that," she continued, slowly. "It seems associated in my mind with music."

"You may have heard her sing. Among her other gifts she possessed a fine voice."

"I do not think I ever did. I saw very little of her, you know, for her father had died shortly before. No; I am quite certain this was abroad somewhere. And the music was some old Latin hymn—you know they are always so grand. You would hardly set her to singing ballads."

"You don't remember?" Allingham said, with an effort at carelessness.

"Ah," laughingly, "you think no one has a right to look like that. My singer looked like this picture, and yet she might not resemble Mrs. Allingham. Indeed, I think you have made this too sad, too grave, as if, somehow, she had been hurt or lost faith. Oh, what nonsense I am talking. What else have you worth seeing?"

There were a few pieces besides. He confessed to having been busy about other matters.

"I am glad you have found an aim at length," she declared. "I used to say if something could happen to rouse you out of your indolence you would find that you possessed true genius."

"For making money? The necessity spurred me on, I believe."

"No matter what it was in the beginning. It is—'what the man became,' you know," and she smiled frankly.

For a moment Gordon Allingham was tempted to tell this woman his story.

He could trust her to the uttermost. But another visitor entered, and Mrs. Bereton made her adieus.

That evening he mused over what she had said concerning the singer. He had never thought of Clara except as living quietly.

None of her old friends had ever met her—she would surely have heard if she had been in much society.

What if she were even poorer than he thought? What if she had left all behind? He rose and paced the floor with hurried step and flushing face.

Four years since she had gone—what long, long years they were to look back upon. And now he felt that he must find her. Oh, what a blind, insensate mole he had been in those years when the pearl of her love had been offered to him!

Could any reasonable human being ever so engross himself with self-love, or did he stand alone, a monstrous exception? Find her he must, kneel in the very dust, and confess his shame, his contrition.

For days together he tried to arrange some definite plan. Her lawyer either could not or would not give him any information; indeed, the man spoke the truth when he said that in these four years he had received no word from her.

She had taken a considerable amount of money with her. The other lay untouched, for now he would have starved sooner than use a penny of it.

If he dared to question Mrs. Bereton about her singer! but to arouse suspicion there would be cruel to Clara.

However, it came of itself some weeks after. He was in Mrs. Bereton's drawing-room one evening when there happened a discussion upon various foreign singers. She was standing near him.

"Do you remember ridiculing my idea when I was in your studio that I had seen a person like that portrait of yours? I know now who it was—a Madame Garnier, that we heard at Munich at a kind of private concert."

Gordon thought a hasty departure might arouse some suspicion in Mrs. Bereton's mind, so he waited impatiently until there occurred the fortunate excuse of business.

It was a wild journey on the strength of a chance likeness, but he felt that if Clara chose to do anything for pecuniary reasons, or the interest it gave to actual living, it would be in music.

He hurried to his destination with small pauses for sight-seeing. At Munich he learned that Madame Garnier was no myth, and that Herr Lehman, at Berlin, could give him the desired information.

He found the old man, who was most enthusiastic about his protégée.

Her voice was most exquisite, and she was so beautiful, so charming in manner, and in temper. He had known her as a young girl, and she was remarkable.

Gordon Allingham's heart fell at once. The bitter disappointment wrung his soul. He felt now that all the hope of his life rested upon finding Clara somewhere.

"She's a foreigner, then?" he said, by way of covering his intense chagrin.

"Oh, no; but she speaks Italian and German perfectly, and her singing is divine."

"Where is she now?" Allingham asked, and his brain was in a sudden whirl.

Madame was at Frankfurt, fulfilling a brief engagement. Then a thought occurred to Lehman.

If the gentleman wished to see her about going to England, he could inform him it would be of no use. No money would tempt madame to return to her native land.

Allingham flushed a treacherous scarlet. He

wished Herr Lehman an abrupt good-day, lest the garrulous old man should touch upon the baseness of the man whose indifference had thrown this beautiful woman on her own resources.

He was destined to see her first as queen of her art, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of an appreciative audience.

And there a cruel despair seized him. He had lost her surely. What was there in his love to compensate for the delights of this life, the luxury, the ease and freedom, and the exquisite knowledge of filling, swaying, satisfying the souls that bowed before her?

For him there was only one thing left—to return to the solitary existence he had desolated with his own selfish indifference.

Yet how could he tear himself away, how could he resolve never to look upon her again? For she would never be in want or friendless, her only conditions.

He could not give her up at once. From place to place he followed her, unnoticed amid the busy throngs, until it seemed to him the hour or two in her presence was his only life.

Speak he must, if only to certify the sentence he knew would fall from her lips.

So he sought her, announced only as a friend. She entered the little parlour with a gracious, kindly smile, and stopped suddenly, her face blanching, her figure swaying, her eyes filled with a terrified light.

"Clara," he cried, in anguish, "forgive me for coming upon you in this manner. I had no right, I know. I will go again at your bidding. For weeks I have haunted your very steps, listened to your voice as a criminal might listen to a reprieve, until madness took possession of my soul. Ah, you have been truly avenged at the last. If it is any comfort to know that I love you madly, now when I realise there is no hope, let me lay that triumph at your very feet. Since you went away the light has been slowly piercing my self-blinded brain, until now it holds but one thought—you. Insensate dullard that I was in those days—ah, Clara, you did quite right to despise. I hate myself."

She put out her hand like one in a dream, and he covered it with kisses. If he had loved her thus in her early youth, or through those cold, dreary years!

And yet I need not tell you that what he dared not ask she gave. Hour after hour they talked of the past, of their separate lives, and though no promise was given, both understood how it would be in the end.

Madame Garnier finished her engagements, but made no new ones. Then Clara and her husband took a second bridal tour, and began a new honeymoon at Ransome Place.

They did not seclude themselves entirely, but for both there was something better than mere fashionable life.

One of the happiest wives of the day is Clara Allingham, and her husband has given her something to be proud of in the standard he has reached and the late bloom of love she has won.

A. M. A.

THE DEEPEST MINES.

TWENTY years ago the deepest mining shaft in the world reached only about two thousand feet below the surface. The very deepest, we believe, was a metalliferous mine in Hanover, which had been carried down to a depth of two thousand two hundred and ninety feet. The deepest perpendicular shaft to-day is the Adelbert shaft, in a silver lead mine in Prizibram, in Bohemia, which has reached the depth of three thousand two hundred and eighty feet. The attainment of that depth was made the occasion of a three days' festival, and still further noticed by striking off a large number of commemorative silver medals of the value of a florin each. There is no record of the beginning of the mine, although its written history goes back to 1857.

Quite recently an elegant commemorative volume has been written and printed, which is most interesting reading to those who have a taste for either the actualities or antiquities of mining industry. There are two other localities, however, where a greater depth has been reached than at the Adelbert shaft, but not in a perpendicular line. These are:

1. The rock salt bore hole near Sperenberg, not far from Berlin, which a few days ago had been bored to the depth of four thousand one hundred and seventy-five feet. 2. The coal mine in Viviers Remus, in Belgium, where the miners by shaft-sinking, together with boring, have reached a depth of three thousand five hundred and forty-two feet. Turning from these two mines, no shaft in unbroken perpendicular line has as yet exceeded the depth of three thousand two hundred and eighty feet.

FACETIÆ.

PLATES BEFORE PICTURES.

THE Lord Mayor, on a recent appropriate occasion, took the opportunity to call attention to the absence of Pictorial Art from the Mansion House. The want of paintings at the Civic Palace has doubtless remained unnoticed because the attention of everybody there has been exclusively devoted to the plates.

—Punch.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

"THERE is a great deal too much fuss made over this Anti-Vaccination Question," said Jones. "When you come to look at it, there isn't much difference between the two parties."

"I don't see that," said Robinson; "how do you mean to make that out, pray?"

"Why," said Jones (who always will have his little joke), "don't you see that one party are Vaccinators, while the opposition one are only Vaccine-haters!"

Strange to relate, however, up to the time of going to press Mr. Robinson has not yet "seen" it.

—Judy.

RULES FOR CORRECT SPEAKING AND POLITE CONVERSATION.

INSTEAD of saying:

"It rejoices me to see you," say, "I am very sorry you have come."

INSTEAD of saying:

"He was a man notorious for his benevolence," say, "He was a horrid old screw."

INSTEAD of saying:

"I am going over the bridge," say, "I am not such a fool."

INSTEAD of saying:

"He is remarkably handsome," say, "Did you ever see such a perfect fright?"

INSTEAD of saying:

"I only want two shillings," say, "I want as much money as you can lend me."

INSTEAD of saying:

"I had rather have your company," say, "I greatly prefer your room."

INSTEAD of saying:

"Let you and I the battle try," say, "Let you and me the battle flee."

INSTEAD of saying:

"What beautiful tea!" say, "What wretched stuff!"

INSTEAD of saying:

"I suspect the veracity of his story," say, "What a cram!"

INSTEAD of saying:

"Here lays his honoured head," say, "There rests his villainous tongue."

INSTEAD of saying:

"I hope somebody will find him in clothes," say, "I hope no one will find him out of them."

INSTEAD of saying:

"I knew it previous to your telling me," say, "A pinch for stale news."

INSTEAD of saying:

"A married pair," say, "A couple of geese."

INSTEAD of saying:

"I said, says I,"—hold your tongue.—Fun.

SLOPAIRE AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION. (Specially wired).

PARIS, April 30.

GREAT excitement prevails. I am received with acclamation everywhere. People cheer me tumultuously, and then ask who I am.

To-morrow will be a day to be remembered in the annals of France. I have dropped a postcard to the Marshall, begging him not to belate or it will spoil everything. We must enter together.

PARIS, May 1, 8 a.m.

It is raining a few. I am glad I brought my umbrella. My head aches awfully, but a sense of duty keeps me up. En avant! There is not quite as much cheering to-day. Everybody is jolly wet.

10 a.m.

I am on the point of starting for the Exhibition. The Prince of Wales has gone on in front. The Marshall is coming. I am en route. This is a proud moment.

6 p.m.

A more disgraceful business I never knew. The place may have opened, or it may not. I am not in a position to say. They would not let me in.

Just wait and see what I shall say in the Guide Book. One shilling only. Order early.

—Judy.

THAT FETCHED HIM.

A SHORT time since a man was brought into court on a charge of assault and battery, proffered by his wife, and his honour asked why he struck her.

"She called me a worthless, lazy loafer; but it wasn't that."

"Well?"

"She said our whole family weren't fit for fish-bait; but I didn't get mad at that."

"What was it, then?"

"She shook her fist under my nose, and said I was too lazy to die; but I knowed she was excited, and I let that pass. She's got a fearful temper, your honour."

"I wish to know if you had sufficient cause for provocation," said the court.

"I guess I had, judge. She came close up and slapped my face, and said I was meaner than pizen; but I didn't hit her for that."

"What, then?"

"I knowed her temper, and I sot there and whistled 'Hold the Fort,' and I was bearing with her, when she turned round, gin my coondog the smashingest kick—lifted him right out'n doers onto his head. That fetched me. Judge, if there had been forty lions and a camel in the road, I'd have skinned her, or died trying."

GOLD, LOVE, AND CO.

YOUNG Love sat new-tipping his arrows with gold,

For he found nothing else now avail'd him!

His darts, though endowed with such power of old,

Had all latterly constantly fail'd him!

When Venus discovered what he was about,

She exclaimed, "Don't do that to your lances!

Love cares not for gold! and is better without—

It has nothing to do with finances!"

"But, ma," cried young Cupid, "that's now all my eye!

And if you're not aware of it, I know

They care not a fig for me now unless my

Arrows carry them partners with rhino!"

—Fun.

SPORTING: A young lady likens authors and

artists to pheasants—she says they are always to be found in leaves, covers, and wood.

—Judy.

KNOTTY POINTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.
(By our Special Mud Lark.)

THAT over-training originated on the Underground Railway.

That sliding seats were invented at the Soap Works.

That Hammersmith Bridge has been shot by the Cambridge crew without feeling the worse for it.

That lobsters are not often caught off the "Crabtree."

That "The Feathers" is rather a striking object.

That the parrot at "The Star and Garter" is not the only "Pretty Polly" in Putney.

That people who encourage the three-card trick are a flat race.

That the Race of Alderney beats the Boatrace hollow.

That it is best to avoid the rushes on the bank.

—Judy.

SAD.

THE wedding-cake which stood on the breakfast-table at Lord Rosebery's marriage weighed, we are told, about one hundred-weight. But there was one thing which made it not at all appropriate to so joyful an occasion: the report goes on to say "it was made in tiers."

—Judy.

AS IT WAS AND EVER WILL BE.

THERE were two brave young fellows in the Oxbridge eight who dearly loved two beautiful young ladies, and as they passed the balcony the beautiful young ladies were on, they looked anxiously in their direction; and if the beautiful young ladies did not happen to look also at that moment, it must have been because there was a little talk about frocks just then going on.

—Judy.

IS IT TRUE?

ALDERMAN COTTON is said to be passionately fond of calico balls.

—Judy.

UP FROM THE COUNTRY.

(Time: 4 p.m., April 13.)

OLD CHAWBACON: "Moi good mon, will ye kindly tell oi how long to wait till the boat-race?"

MAN: "Boatrace! why it's miles away from here, man."

OLD CHAWBACON: "Bean't this the River Thames?"

MAN: "Thames, man alive? No; this is the River Lea!"

—Judy.

NATURAL ENOUGH.

APPROPOS of the dispute in the Victorian Legislature, it is asserted that the whole of the members of the legal profession are in favour of the payment of Members of Parliament. This seems quite feasible; a lawyer who did not believe in fees would be quite a fee-nomenon.

—Judy.

AN AUTHORITY.

ACCORDING to the Bishop of Manchester, "Europe ought not to be convulsed by a phrase." His lordship should know. He is a Fraser.

—Funny Folks.

THE IN AND OUT OF IT.

THERE are no Counts in our House of Commons; but the "Counts-out" are growing more numerous every session.

—Funny Folks.

STATISTICS.

SUNSHINE AND RAIN.—The Registrar-General for Scotland states in his report on the first quarter of the year 1878, that the observations made at 55 stations of the Meteorological Society of Scotland, show (as the mean of those stations) 288 hours of sunshine in the three months, being four hours more than in the cor-

responding period of last year. The total is double the number shown in the weekly returns of the Registrar-General for England as the result of observations made at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, that total being only 140.1 hours in the 13 weeks ending on March 30, 1878, being 14.3 hours less than in the corresponding period of 1877. The difference between the two countries is much less in the summer. The rainfall of the quarter was deficient, both in England and in Scotland. At Greenwich it was but 3.1 in., or 2.0 in. below the quarter's average in the last 63 years. The mean of the returns in Scotland shows 8.02 in., or 2.27 in. below the quarter's average in the last 20 years. The range shown in England in returns obtained by Mr. James Glaisher is from 3.03 in. at Cardington, Bedford, to 9.88 in. at Stonyhurst, Lancashire. In Scotland the range was from less than 4 in. at places in the east to 13 in. in the west, and at Greenock and at Warrackhead, Dumfries, more than 14 in. of rain were measured.

"IT IS BECAUSE I LOVE THEE."

"Ah! why do I seek the cottage that stands

In the shade of the old brown mill?

Why, at the first glimpse of its gabled roof,

Does my heart with wild rapture thrill?

It is just because someone's eyes of blue

Have stolen my heart away!

It is just because someone's loving words

Are dear to my heart each day!

So, all summer I strayed

To the brown mill's shade,

Only because I loved thee, little maid.

"I have made my home all green with trees,

All bright with vines and flowers;

And, though toil may wait on the sowing-time,

There'll be rest in the harvest-hours; I've a bridal garland for somebody's head,

And a ring for someone to wear;

And a heart whose love I have never asked

Any other maiden to share!

That is why I have strayed

To the old mill's shade—

Just because I loved thee, little maid.

"Ah! love is sweet in the glad spring-time,

When hearts with joy run o'er;

And sweeter still when the summer hours

Yield all their blissful store!

But sweeter, dearer, brighter far

Is the love that glows until

The wife and the husband, silver-crowned,

Totter down life's last, slow hill!

True love ne'er can fade,

And thy hand is laid

In mine, all for love, for love, little maid."

L. S. U.

GEMS.

THE just man will flourish in spite of envy.

Let your conversation be with those by whom you may accomplish yourself best; for virtue never returns with so rich a cargo, as when it sets sail from such continents. Company, like climates, alters complexions; and ill company, by a kind of contagion, doth insensibly infect us; soft and tender natures are apt to receive any impressions.

THE change of day and night—of the seasons, of flowers and fruits, and whatever else meets us from epoch to epoch, so that we can and should enjoy it; these are the proper springs of earthly life. The more open we are to these enjoyments, the happier do we feel ourselves; but, if the changes in these phenomena roll up and down before us without our taking interest in them, if we are insensible to such beautiful offers, then on the greatest evil, the heaviest disease; we regard life as a disgusting burden.

Those who trample on the helpless are disposed to cringe to the powerful.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

CAUSE OF TYPHOID FEVER.—It has long been suspected that the typhoid fever prevalent in New England villages is the direct result of drinking impure well-water. Says the Medical Record: In many cases the well is beneath the house, adjacent to the cellar, which usually contains more or less decaying vegetable matter; in many it is within a few feet of the barn; in some, indeed, in the barn-yard itself; and in many more the sink-drain discharges within a few feet of it, and pools of stagnant house-waste are permitted to percolate into the surrounding soil. The researches of the State Board of Health, Massachusetts, carefully prosecuted in 1872, with the assistance of local medical assistance, developed the astounding probability that more than half the wells in New England are so situated as to be subject to sewerage contamination; and the subject is one that should be thoroughly discussed by the secular press before popular attention can be sufficiently directed to it.

POTTED PIGEONS.—After cleaning and washing the pigeons, put a very little water in a kettle and put in the pigeons; let them simmer gently until tender; then remove the pigeons, keeping them hot, and if there is not enough gravy in the kettle, add a little more water; put in a piece of butter large as an egg, salt, pepper, and sweet marjoram; let all these boil together; thicken with a little dusting of flour; then put back the pigeons, and let all boil for a few minutes so as to season them; have some pie-crust cut into diamonds, put them around the edge of a platter, and pour birds and gravy in the centre.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON Monday, June 3, Consols touched 98, the highest price at which they have been for twenty years.

EVERY day innumerable carriages surround the door of a certain florist in Paris. She has developed a new branch of her trade. Daily, for a consideration, she pins into her customers' bonnets a spray of real roses, azaleas, or pelargoniums, or freshly gathered lilac or laburnum. The idea is pretty, and will certainly be encouraged by milliners, for the bonnets last a very short time.

MARQUIS ANTINORI, now at the head of an exploring expedition in Equatorial Africa, writes to his brother from Mahak Nouna, in the Kingdom of Shoa: "I am very happily residing among this raw flesh eating people. The king, as the lowest of his subjects, goes barefoot, dresses like the rest, uses his fingers for a knife and fork, and wears only a gold pin in his greasy, curly hair as the sign of his royal rank."

It is reported that a lobster which had apparently fallen from a market cart was on Monday seen wandering about the Paris streets, seemingly on his way to the nearest coast. As he evidently belonged to somebody, the police authorities felt bound to pick him up for registration in the missing property department. One of them seized the fish, and was in turn seized, the pair arriving attached at the station-house. The captor was severely wounded in the adventure, and the question is as to whether the proprietor is liable to damages for losing a ferocious lobster, his claws not being tied.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. T.—There are several London papers published connected with the coal trade—the Colliery Guardian, Friday, Ed., 49, Essex Street; Iron and Coal Trades Review, Friday, Ed., 7, Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street; the Mining Journal, Saturday, Ed., 26, Fleet Street; the Mining World, Saturday, Ed., Gresham House, Old Broad Street.

J.—Every letter is attended to—each in its turn. Write again.

ONE ALONE.—Much as we sympathise with you in your unfortunate position we cannot see that you are able to do anything else but try to make the best of a bad bargain. If you leave home of your own free will you will be thrown on your own resources, but if neglect and cruelty become intolerable you can claim legal protection and separation with maintenance under the new Act.

JUSTICE.—I. Neither could be held to the performance of the contract, because such a bargain would not be recognised in law, and both parties are guilty of bigamy and liable to prosecution. The offspring of the first marriage alone would be legitimate, and take share in the property if the father died intestate. Proceedings could be instituted against the husband by the second wife. 2. Sympathetic inks are numerous. Spirits of salts, aqua fortis, oil of vitriol, common salt, or saltpetre, dissolved in a large quantity of water, turns yellow or brown when heated; onion juice is similarly affected; a solution of acetate of cobalt, to which a little nitre has been added, becomes rose-coloured when heated and disappears on cooling; while a weak solution of the mixed chlorides of cobalt and nickel turns green.

GRACE.—Your MSS. is not up to our standard. It is not our rule to return them.

FREDERICK L.—We strongly advise you to try gymnastics.

FULLER.—The distrait was decidedly illegal. Consult a solicitor if you wish to pursue the case farther. E. G. W.—I. After being shaved your hair would grow the same colour as it was before being dyed. 2. We do not think it positively injurious if well selected and carefully applied.

A. M. S.—The varnish may be either oil or spirit. Try benzoline. Fuller's earth and soft soap made into a paste with ox-gall or spirit of turpentine will take out grease spots.

G. A. S.—"Inquire Within" and "One Thousand Practical Receipts" are, or were, published by Houlston and Stoneman, 85, Paternoster Row.

A. CONSTANT READER.—We do not remember, and it would, we think, serve no useful purpose to search the records for the information.

GEORGIUS.—I. See the "Clans of the Scottish Highlands," by James Logan, F.S.A., illustrated by figures, displaying their dress, tartans, arms, social occupations, &c. There is another excellent work on the same subject by Sobieski Stuart. 2. You must choose for yourself, as we cannot tell which would be most suitable for you in respect to locality, dress, &c. 3. Send advertisement for insertion in the usual way, and await reply.

MAGGIE L.—We know of nothing for your purpose at once so simple, effective, rapid, and economical as Judson's dyes. Anyone can use them with certainty by merely attending to the plain directions which accompany them, and almost every possible shade of colour is now obtainable.

CITY CLERK.—Cooper's Effervescent Lozenges you would find invaluable. They are very cheap and thoroughly answer the purpose they are intended to achieve. With such a simple remedy at hand the unpleasant sensation of thirst can always be swiftly banished.

MARIA.—We advise you to pop the question at once to the lady you express yourself to be so ardently in love with.

S.—When a gentleman salutes a lady he should raise his hat with his right hand.

S. F.—Complete in weekly numbers or monthly parts, and can be had of the publisher at the office, 334, Strand, or of all newsgens.

R. C.—The leaves of the geraniums are an excellent application for cuts where the skin is rubbed off, and other applications of that kind.

TITUS.—In the public streets the lady, when meeting a gentleman, should give the first sign of recognition. A bow or some polite question is sufficient to give him authority to address her.

C. H. D., twenty, fair, medium height, would like to correspond with a gentleman about twenty-four, fond of home.

LOVING WILL, a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony.

VINCENZO, PIETRO, and BATTISTA, three friends, would like to correspond with three young ladies. Vincenzo is twenty-one, tall, dark hair, and good-looking. Pietro is nineteen, fair, light hair, hazel eyes. Battista is nineteen, medium height. Respondents must be about eighteen, fond of home.

MAGGIE D., nineteen, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be fond of home and children, about forty.

MILLY and EDITH, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Milly is twenty, tall, dark. Edith is nineteen, fair.

SIGNORS A. and B., Italians, would like to correspond with two young ladies (English) about nineteen, with a view to matrimony.

W. A. W., a sailor in the Royal Navy, twenty-two, dark, would like to correspond with a young lady about eighteen.

W. W., twenty-two, brown hair, grey eyes, of a loving disposition, thoroughly domesticated, wishes to correspond with a young man about twenty-four, dark, and loving.

LILY and AGNES, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Lily is seventeen, dark eyes, and of a loving disposition. Agnes is nineteen, fair, good-looking.

A LOVER'S MEMORY.

Out in the sunny garden
My sweetheart came to me,
And all her sister roses
Blushed red as red could be;
The lilies leaped to see her pass
With breezy thrill and stir.
The very daisies in the grass
Were pale for love of her.

A sweet, old-fashioned garden,
With plots of velvet sward,
And secret haunts, whose leafy doors
The wilful jessamine barred;
The oriole swung his gay kiosk
Amid its tangled bowers—
The blue-bird's airy lattice looked
Upon a world of flowers.

Hard by a merry rivulet ran
With many a trip and fall;
A grand old apple-tree leant o'er
The ancient moss-grown wall;
The clove pinks shook their spices out
To every vagrant breeze,
And all the golden silence throbed
With the drowsy hum of bees.

Deep in the sunny garden maze,
My pretty, winsome May!
She paused among the roses,
A sweeter rose than they;
The gay young bachelor buttons
Tugged at each sturdy stem,
To lay their golden lips against
Her garment's silken hem.

The flowers in gladness thronged to greet
My love, she was so fair!
The shadows nestled at her feet—
The sunbeams kissed her hair!
A burst of rapture from the birds
The blithe winds bore along—
The brook caught up her greeting words
And wove them into song.

So gracious, fair, and debonair,
A queen my fancy crowned her—
The sunshine kissing her bright hair—
The roses crowding round her
Thro' all the checkered scenes of life
That vision with me stays,
(Though she has been my blooming wife
For half a score of Mays!) E. A. B.

LIZZIE and MAUD, two friends, would like to correspond with two gentlemen. Lizzie is eighteen, brown hair, blue eyes, fond of home, fair. Maud is twenty, auburn hair, light blue eyes, good-tempered. Must be about twenty-one, tall.

D. F. L., nineteen, of a loving disposition, tall, dark hair, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be about twenty, fond of home and children, brown hair, dark eyes.

SARA and EMILY, two friends, would like to correspond, with two seamen in the Royal Navy. Sara is eighteen, tall, dark hair, hazel eyes, good-looking, fond of music and dancing. Emily is seventeen, dark, hazel eyes, fond of music. Respondents must be about eighteen, tall, good-looking.

HENRY, twenty-four, tall, dark, would like to correspond with a young lady about the same age, loving, and tall.

S. J., eighteen, fair, fond of home and children, medium height, would like to correspond with a young man about eighteen.

H. G., tall, good-looking, fond of home and children, would like to correspond with a young gentleman who is fond of home.

LAURA, twenty-three, light brown hair, dark eyes, very domesticated, would like to correspond with a young gentleman about twenty-five, tall.

W. B. M., thirty-five, a soldier, would like to correspond with a lady about his own age with a view to matrimony.

BILLY B., a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty, dark, medium height, blue eyes, wishes to correspond with a young lady about nineteen, fair, fond of home and children.

M. S. and MURIEL, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. M. S. is eighteen, fond of music. Muriel is seventeen, dark hair, brown eyes, and loving. Respondents must be about twenty, dark, and tall.

P. B. and E. D., two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. P. B. is seventeen, light hair, blue eyes, medium height. E. D. is eighteen, medium height, dark hair, dark brown eyes, loving, fond of home and children.

A. L., twenty-eight, would like to correspond with a dark, domesticated young lady with a view to matrimony.

BELLE and MARY, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Belle is tall, dark hair and eyes. Mary is fair, light hair, blue eyes.

B. G. and L. W., two friends, wish to correspond with two young men. B. G. is seventeen, medium height, of a loving disposition, light hair, blue eyes, fond of home and children. L. W. is eighteen, brown hair, dark eyes, fond of home and children, medium height, of a loving disposition. Respondents must be about twenty-one, fond of home.

H. R. G. and C. E., two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. H. R. G. is fair, handsome, tall. C. E. is good-looking, fair. Must be about twenty, medium height.

WILLIAM, a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty-two with a view to matrimony. He is twenty-five, medium height, dark hair and eyes.

C. B. and A. L., two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. C. B. is twenty-seven, dark hair, dark grey eyes, medium height. A. L. is eighteen, fair, medium height, light hair, light grey eyes, thoroughly domesticated.

ALICE H., twenty-two, dark hair, blue eyes, of medium height, fond of music and dancing, good-looking, would like to correspond with a young man fond of home and loving.

L. L. and E. V., two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. L. L. is twenty, tall, brown hair, dark eyes, fond of home. E. V. is twenty-four, medium height, dark brown hair, dark eyes, and very fond of music.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

GEORGE is responded to by—Jennie, sixteen, fond of home, dark hair and eyes.

CLARA H. by—William H., nineteen, medium height, dark eyes.

EMILY by—Harry, twenty-four, tall.

HILDA by—Jack, twenty-two, medium height, good-looking.

G. C. M. by—Edith.

V. D. by—Alice.

L. G. by—Alice, twenty, light brown hair, blue eyes, fair.

C. B. by—Agnes, nineteen, good-looking, light brown hair, blue eyes, medium height, fond of home and children.

J. E. by—John A., twenty-three, dark hair, brown eyes, medium height.

LUCY C. by—W. M.

D. C. by—Belle Mahone, seventeen, fair.

S. L. by—E. S., seventeen, dark hair, hazel eyes, good-looking.

THE SUN by—Cissy, twenty-four, of a loving disposition.

WILLIAM by—May.

MARY by—S. G.

HENRY by—Milly, twenty-three, brown eyes, medium height.

ETHEL by—Edwin, twenty-two, medium height, dark, fond of home and music.

ALICE by—James, twenty-nine, brown hair and eyes, good-tempered.

EDWARD by—Florence, nineteen, brown hair, blue eyes, fond of home.

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